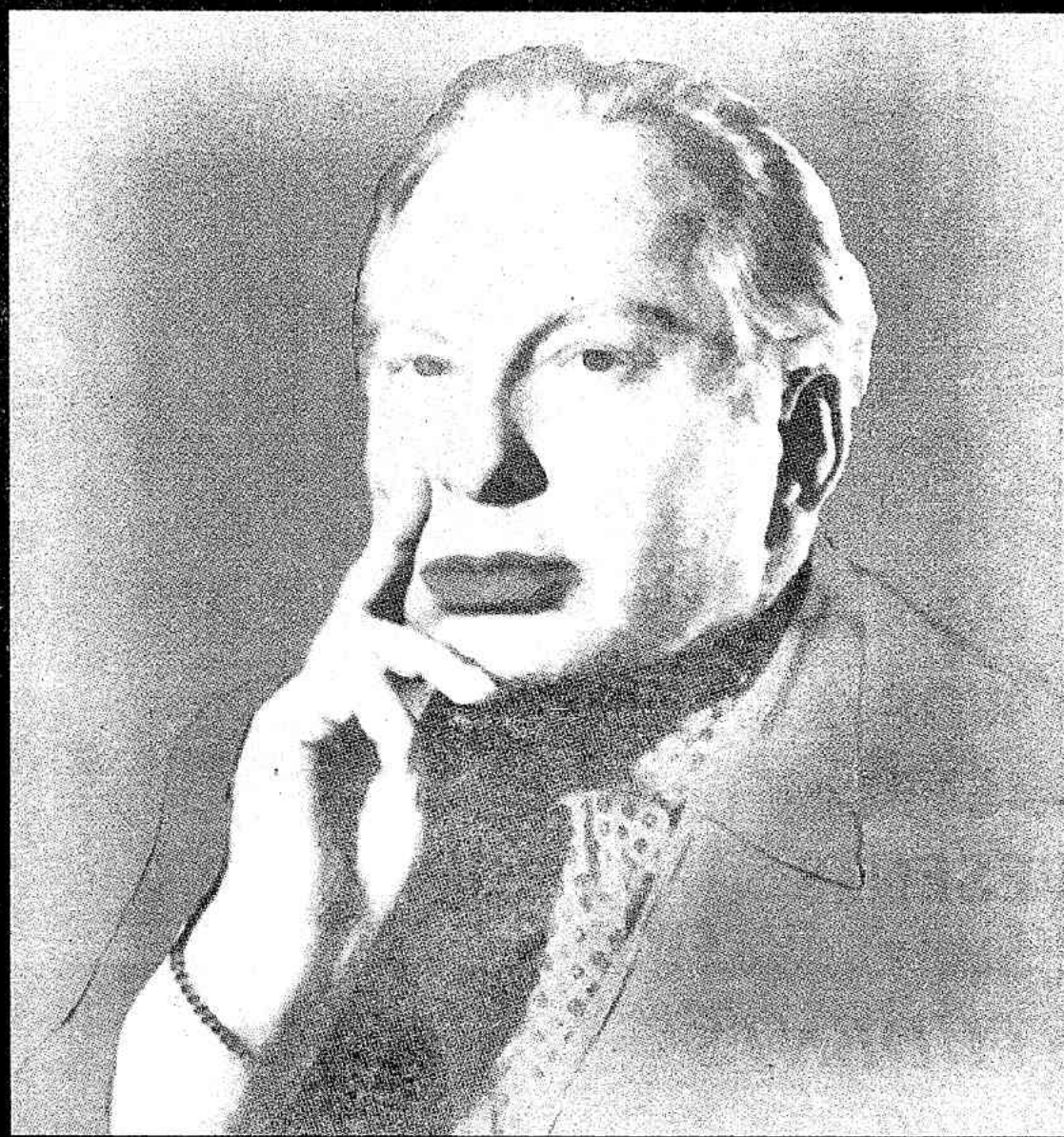


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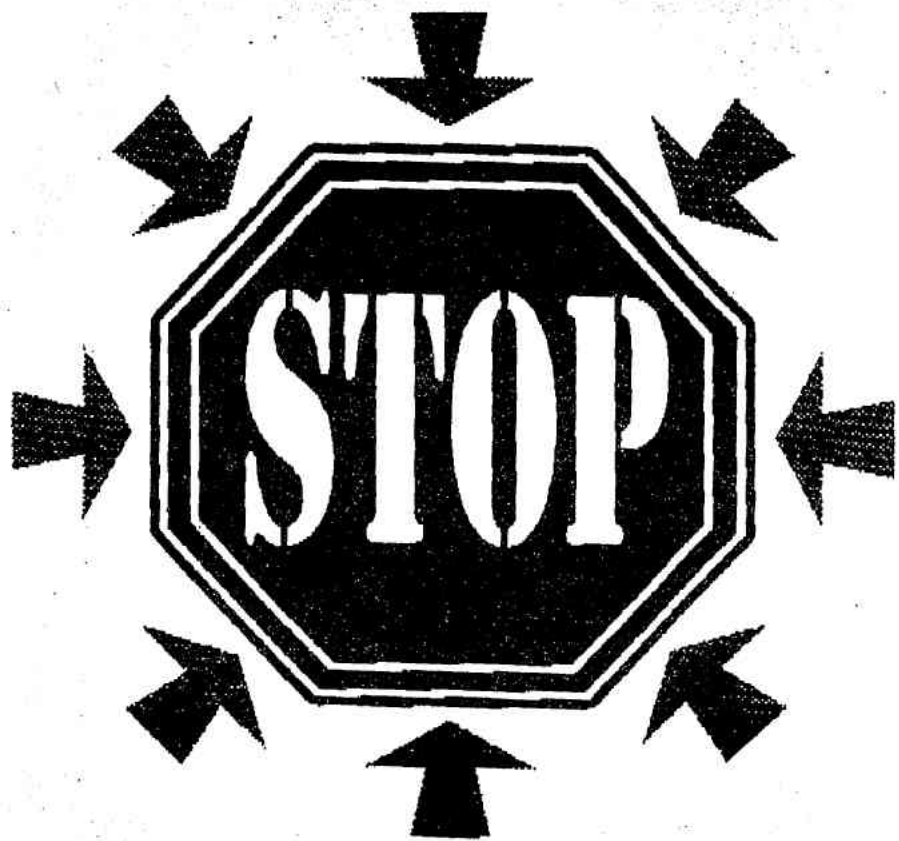


Scientology: Cult of Personality

Crisis in the colleges

The student smoker

Nobel Prize winner Jose Ramos Horta



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CLUB**

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cult of personality

18 Rumours abound about Scientology, its celebrity adherents, and its enormously litigious nature. Now one student examines the beliefs and practices of the institution, offering her own opinion of this 'cult of personality.'

colleges in crisis

16 CAROLINE KNIGHT and MICHAEL COOK examine the situation in on-campus residential accommodation. Faced with plummeting numbers and forced into drastic changes in fee structures, many people are asking: can the colleges survive?

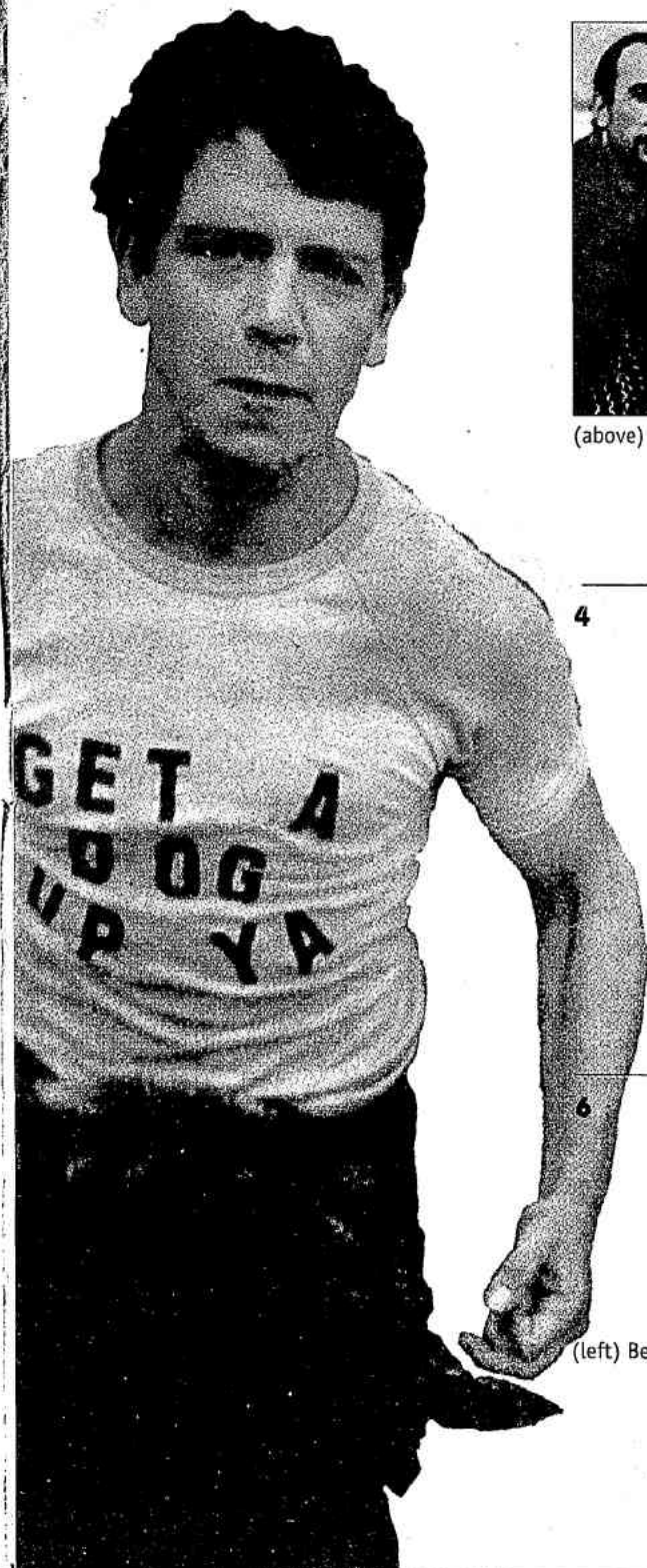
death is not an option

13 Smoking kills, yet students continue to do it. Comitted smoker VICTORIA LOY examines the motivations and rationalisations of the student smoker.

COVER: Our Warhol-inspired cover features Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard, and Andy Warhol's 192 One-Dollar Bills. concept: Stephen Rebikoff, James Painter and Brendan Shanahan design: Stephen Rebikoff

WORONI

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- CELEBRITY LOOK-ALIKE: kylie
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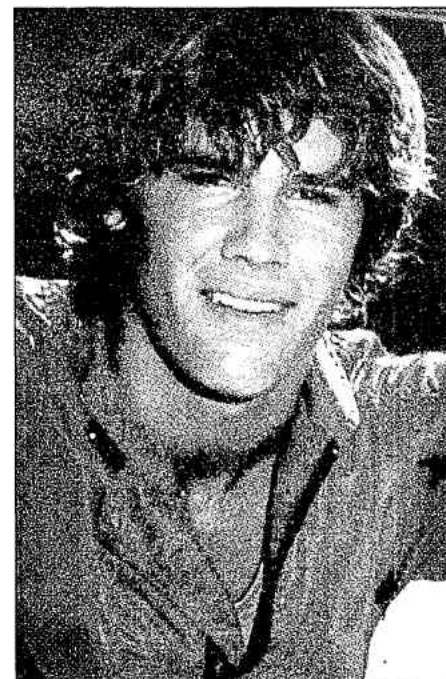
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FIRST UP

but you should

Thursday

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Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above them.
— Washington Irving

1997

Calendar

MARCH

- 20 They Might Be Giants at the Uni Bar
- 19 to 22 Noel Coward's *Private Lives* at the Canberra Theatre
- 21 to 24 The Word Festival about Canberra
- 22 The Australian-Cuba Friendship Society's *Grand Fiesta* at the Labor Club
- 23 Jellybabies Picnic in Glebe Park, all welcome.
- 25 to 29 Tap Dogs at the Canberra Theatre
- 26 National Day of Action, rally in Union Court 12.30pm
- 27 Mark of Cain at the Uni Bar
- 26 Actuarial Society's *Star Wars* movie night. Info on Stats noticeboard
- 29 The Porkers at the Uni Bar

APRIL

- early Socialist Worker Student Club debate on October 1917: Bolshevik Coup or Mass Revolution (featuring a Political Science Specialist). For details contact the club.
- 2 to 12 3 Sisters Called Eve at the Currong Contemporary Arts Theatre
- 9 Tool at the Uni Bar
- Until 13 Vestments for the Mind's Memory & Recent works by Jan Murray at the Drill Hall Gallery

freak of the week

The overwhelming response to our freak-of-the-week competition has left the quest ironically unresolved: how to choose the freak. We have been profoundly disturbed by the number of human deformities that have paraded through the office in the last two weeks; three nipples is surprisingly common, as is unusually placed body hair.

A rare display of an extra earlobe by one female student, however, impressed us so deeply, that we were compelled to bestow upon her the honourable title Freak of the Week. Please come into the *Woroni* office to collect your Uni bar tickets.

The second stage of the competition is now in full effect, as we search for campus party trick freak. Disgusting acts with limbs and appendages will now be honoured in print. We are after such performances as the famous suck-a-condom-through-your-nose-and-pull-it-out-your-mouth trick, the complex act of inserting one's fist in one's mouth, or even the terrifying listen-to-the-entire-the-Spice-Girl's-album. Come prepared to perform to the *Woroni* office, or drop us a line to set up an appointment. Winner receives two tickets to the Uni bar concert of their choice.

celebrity look-alike

Over the last weeks, the *Woroni* office felt more like The Betty Ford Clinic, as countless "celebrities" flooded through our doors. When we saw Michelle (pictured left), however, we knew we had found our Look-Alike for this month.

The smile, the hair, the girl-next-door look — the resemblance to Kylie Minogue is unmistakable. We think it's only going to be a matter of time before Michelle gets a part in a popular Australian soapie, quits, moves to London, starts speaking in a faux

English accent, gets an alterna-hunk boyfriend, and becomes a pop icon. Michelle has won two free Unibar tickets. If you or one of your friends looks like a celebrity, drop a photo into the *Woroni* office to win.

Gary Coleman's real age at the commencement

What's On In Canberra

TAP DOGS

The Dogs are back. "Kill to get a ticket", especially if you missed their last successful season. Award-winning Dien Perry's choreography, under Nigel Triffitt's direction results in

the best show to tap its way across the stage of the Canberra Theatre. Winner of the prestigious Olivier Award, Perry is the only choreographer to gain this honour two years running. Watch out for Dien's brother Sheldon, the charismatic star and dance director. The show is promised to be "better than all the hype" and with 6 Hunky blokes, in Blundstone boots, over-flowing with amazing energy and pounding rhythm, it's a promise

they can keep. A truly amazing show of Australian ingenuity and talent — if you ever wanted to see someone tap dance on a ladder or upside down, don't miss it.

ANU FILM GROUP

The ANU Film Group screens over 200 films a year for free, once you have joined the Group. All screenings are on campus, at the Coombs Lecture Theatre. We have a big screen, Dolby digital sound, and professional cinema equipment.

Dates of screenings

- Wed 19 March 8pm: *The Rock*
- Fri 21 March 8pm: *Ransom + The Third Man*
- Sat 22 March 8pm: *Dead Heart + Brilliant Lies*
- Tue 25 March 8pm: *Bordello Of Blood*
- Wed 26 March 8pm: *Sleepers*
- Tue 1 April 8pm: *The Last Emperor*
- Thu 3 April 8pm: *Ghandi*
- Fri 4 April 8pm: *Schindler's List*
- Sat 5 April 8pm: *Out Of Africa + Raging Bull*
- Sun 6 April 1:30pm: *Braveheart + Patton*
- Wed 9 April 8pm: *Le Confessionnal*

Come and join the ANU Film Group at the theatre, at the start of any screening.

Membership costs \$20 for a semester or \$35 for the whole year, and is open to anyone.

PRIVATE LIVES

Remember *Acropolis Now?* Remember

March 1997

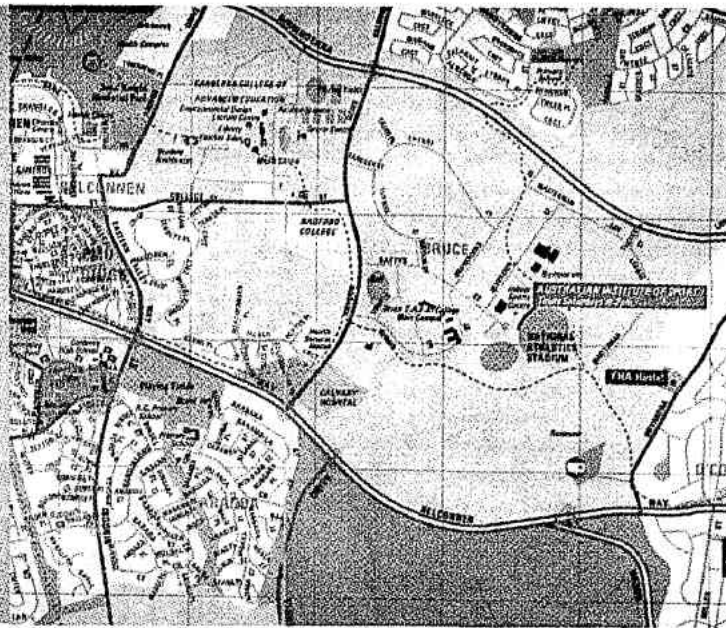


(right) Philip Holder and Nicki Wendt in *Private Lives*, at the Canberra Theatre

Woroni salutes

The Suburb of Bruce

Fancy living in Beryl? No? How about Charlene? Unfortunately *Woroni's* campaign to change the current name of the ANU's suburb to Kevin was thwarted by a local action group. Why then does Canberra have a suburb known as "Bruce"? Only in the booner capital of Australia could this suburb exist free of irony. And for that, Bruce, *Woroni* salutes you.



WORONI

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KAREN HAGEN, MAGGIE KAUFFMAN,
MATT TANNING

this issue's song lyrics:

"PAPA
DON'T PREACH" PERFORMED BY
MADONNA

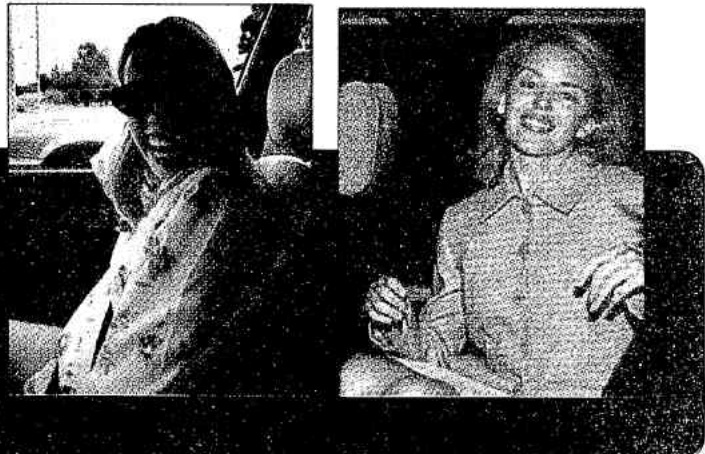
woroni is the official publication of the
australian national university students'
association

the opinions expressed in *woroni* are
not necessarily those of the editors,
students' association, or *woroni* staff.

"In 1972 a crack commando unit was sent
to prison by a military court for a crime they
didn't commit. These men promptly escaped
from a maximum security stockade to the
Los Angeles underground. Today, still wanted
by the the government, they survive as
soldiers of fortune. If you have a problem, if
no one else can help, and if you can find
them, maybe you can hire...The A-Team."

deadline for next issue:

March 27



celebrity parents

Woroni's Celebrity Parents competition has managed to dredge up almost every rumour about Flea which has circulated throughout the ACT's college system in the past 10 years, with several relative sightings and sworn testimony as to the existence of the phrase "Flea woz 'ere" at Narrabundah, Phillip and Hawker colleges.

Louise, a first year Drama student, told us she knew Flea's cousin when she was at Dickson college. Michael, a third year Biology student, informed us that Flea's parents were in fact separated. This could explain the two contradictory threads that emerged from the rumours — that Flea's parents had a house down at the south coast, and that they lived in the inner North of Canberra. It was Tom, a fourth year Asian Studies student, who eventually claimed our prize, however, for the information that Flea's mother lives in Ainslie, while his father lives on a large

estate just outside of Tross. For his brilliant paparazzi skills, Tom claims two tickets to They Might Be Giants at the Uni Bar. Gavin, a final year computing studies student, just missed out on our prize by failing to produce photos of the coast estate, though he claims he has flown over the house in a friend's plane.

For next issue, we want to find the parents of that icon of the Hong Kong film industry, Jackie Chan. Many people wandering into our office mentioned rumours about Jackie and the days when he used to catch the 333 into Civic from the Belconnen bus interchange. We want proof! Where are Jackie Chan's parents? Phone, e-mail or drop your rumours into the *Woroni* office to win 2 free tickets to a concert at the uni bar.

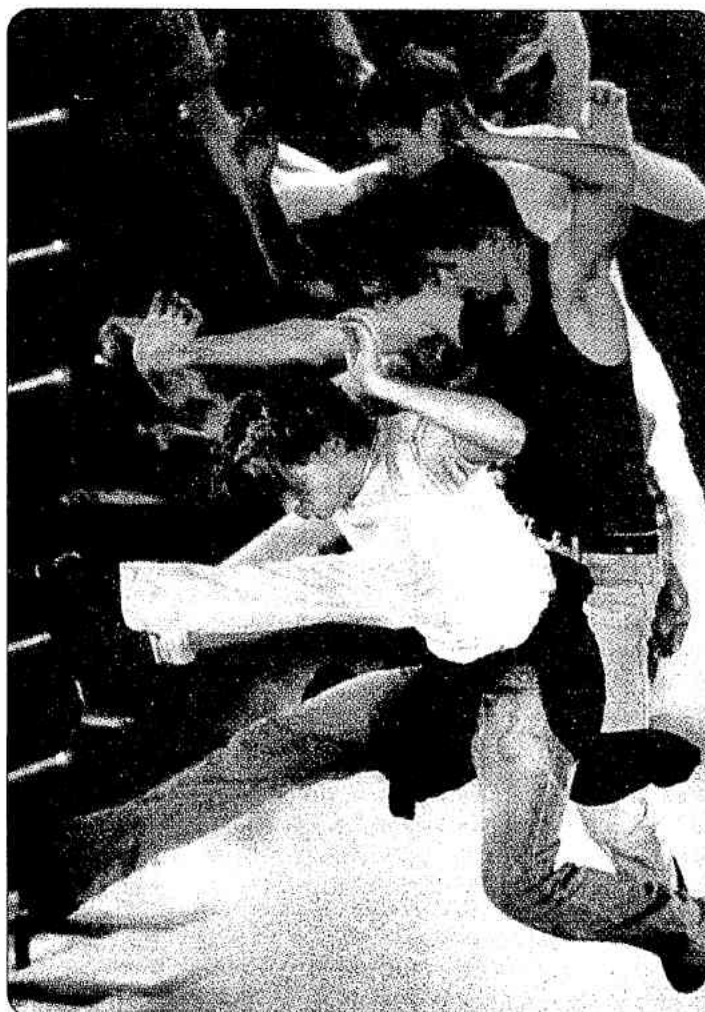
3 SISTERS CALLED EVE

Fresh from the National Summer Shakespeare Festival on Aspen Island, Nicholas Bolonkin has moved into the Currong Contemporary Arts Theatre, and the present (well, the 1930s). He is directing a recent play by Matthew Aberline, selected for development at the Australian National Playwright Weekend last December. Bolonkin transforms the Currong into a 'decaying' nightclub with live cabaret and jazz. *3 Sisters called Eve* is advertised as a "bizarre sexual melodrama about vampire hairdressers who just want to be famous". As part of the New Erections Fringe Festival *3 Sisters Called Eve* should be full of 'brazen energy and blatant sex'. It

will definitely be interesting.

LIFELINE

Lifeline's major fundraiser, the annual Autumn Book fair is on again at Albert Hall. With over 70,000 pre-loved books for sale there is bound to be something of interest in the pile for a cheap price. Running from the 21st to 23rd the fair raises over 20% of Lifeline's operating income. Lifeline (13 1114) is open for 24 hours as a counselling service for anybody in need. Youthline (for young people) is open from 4 till midnight on 257 2333.



(above) Either these guys are Tap Dogs, or that's one helluva spider

Suzanna? Well Nicki Wendt has moved on from being a 'skip' cafe worker to a seductive adulteress as Amanda in Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, on at the Canberra Theatre till Saturday 22. Amanda and ex-husband Elyot (played by Phillip Holder) take their new spouses to the same honeymoon retreat and quickly discover there's "nothing more delicious" than sex with an

ex. Directed by Roger Hodgman, the 1996 Melbourne season sold-out, and this latest production is "guaranteed to spark envy in every woman" with its stunning costumes designed by Vanessa Leyonhjelm. Noel Coward's "shimmering rapier wit" produces some brilliant one-liners resulting in a light comedy that is "drop-dead elegant".

(right)
Some of
the books
you may
find at the
Lifeline
Book Fair



LETTERS

I need your help, dad

What was out is now in

Dear *Woroni*,

What's the caper?

I, like many others in 1996, had diligently forwarded, head down, into the library on many a morn, feeling proud to be out of bed doing something worthwhile.

I was to embark on this same outing for the first time in 1997, only to be met with an unwanted surprise.

They've switched the doors around haven't they!!

Oh yeah, the librarians are pissing themselves. On lunch breaks they don't go out anymore to the refectory or to a quiet park bench, no, it's much more entertaining to stay and watch hundreds of well socialized uni students run into doors.

I really hate it and I'll give you four good reasons why:

1. Librarians already think we are stupid and this is helping the theory along. If I hear one more of them shake their head and say "...they're giving you a degree?" I will kill again.

2. First years are developing an air of confidence because this new door arrangement is OK by them.

3. The chip machines are now handy to you on the way in: This is simply encouraging the prohibited act of snacking in the library, causing oily 'chippies' to be crumbled over much loved texts.

And finally...

4. Change is not good. Familiarity is comforting, knowing exactly

where you are going builds confidence and to have this snatched away is simply disabling.

So please, please, please ANU, touch nothing else.

My forehead is bruised and aching, the librarians are still laughing their smug little heads off and I no longer find the library an old friend.

—F. P. MULLENS

Readers beg: let us pay

Dear Editors,

I have this very day written a letter to the editor of the *ANU Reporter* bemoaning the fact that they no longer accept classified advertisements and that as a house sitter who has gained several worthwhile positions from ANU academics that this move on their part has considerably disadvantaged many people including myself.

When I approached your office to see if you would place a suitable advertisement for me the young woman to whom I spoke said that she would and that it would be free. She assured me that the fact that I am not a student, although I was many years ago, was not a hindrance and that when I told her that I was willing to pay a reasonable fee for the service she demurred and said that she was unable to levy such a charge.

I am sure that I do not need to point out to you that advertising revenue



THE ULTIMATE LIE.

is the very life blood of any newspaper and that the likes of Messrs. Murdoch and Packer fight protracted wars with each other to gain control of the world's newspapers. Not, I can assure, you for the saleworthiness of their sports pages or their editorial content but for their advertising revenues and most especially for their classified advertising revenues.

By leaving such a gaping hole in the once well filled on campus classified advertising market, *ANU Reporter* has given you a golden opportunity to provide an essential service to every one on campus and to expand your readership into the academic, administrative and post graduate communities.

I strongly recommend to you that you advertise widely to fill this gap and I can assure you that if you can demonstrate a worthwhile penetration into the non student body on campus that I would be willing to

pay a reasonable fee for your services; so I am sure would many others. I think that it is reasonable for students to have free advertisements and that non students should pay. *The ANU Reporter* used to charge \$5. I have assured its editor that I would be willing to pay \$20 as *The Canberra Times* charges much more.

Please let me know what you decide as I can assure you of my loyalty in the future.

—RICHARD HINES

Russian Revolution: what really happened

Dear *Woroni*,

This year is the 80th anniversary of the Russian revolution: high time to puncture myths about "What Really Happened". It's easy to finish a course like Politics in Russia viewing Lenin as a power-monger who created a totalitarian state with his party at the helm. On the left, some accept that a mass revolution took place, but that it was blown off course by Bolshevik intervention. The question, though, remains the same: a coup or not a coup?

Both revolutions of 1917, February and October, were made by the majority of workers and peasants, not just the Bolshevik party. A decade of politicisation of the working class meant that peasants were seizing land and workers occupying factories before they had even heard of the Bolsheviks.

After the February revolution Soviets — workers' councils elected inside the factories — sprang up all over Russia. Soviets co-existed with a bourgeois parliament. The dominant moderate socialists argued that Russia had to develop along capitalist lines before a socialist revolution could occur.

The parliament was a miserable failure. The moderate 'socialists' supported the war, had nothing to offer workers and delayed granting land to the peasantry — no peace, no bread, no land. Disillusioned with these sell-outs, people's support turned to the Bolsheviks who had championed their demands from the start. Between February and July 1917 Bolshevik membership grew from 23 600 to 250 000. Inside the party debates raged, and

were resolved only by the principle of unity in action.

Through their defeat of an attempted military coup, organised in part by the leader of parliament, the Bolsheviks won a majority in the Soviets of the major cities including St Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev. On this basis, the Soviets, under the leadership of the Bolsheviks, launched an insurrection for Bread, Peace and Land. However, without a successful revolution in the 'advanced' world, technologically backward Russia could not survive alone.

Why didn't the revolution spread? Why should it have? What about the bloody war that followed the revolution? The Socialist Worker Student Club will publicly debate a specialist in Russian Politics to address these issues, and rediscover the democratic roots of the genuine socialist tradition. Come along.

—LANA G. NADJ

SOCIALIST WORKER STUDENT CLUB

Union denies binge drinking allegations

Dear Editors,

Recent media reports have stated that ACT Attorney-General Gary Humphries intends to take the ANU Bar "to task" for selling beer, wine and spirits for 20c. The reports also stated that the ANU Bar was in breach of the relevant code of practice, and is now to be placed under investigation by the Australian Federal Police and licensing authorities.

The ANU Union rejects the assertion that it promotes the irresponsible use of alcohol. Had the media sought comment from myself or the General Manager, it would have discovered that the allegations were without foundation. The relevant one-off promotion involved a voucher for one 20c drink on payment of a door charge of \$4.00, which covered the price difference. All alcohol was sold at standard prices at this event.

This is hardly the "ridiculous" and "irresponsible" behaviour suggested by the media. By publishing serious and unfounded allegations without reference to the ANU Union, *The Canberra Times*, Capital and WIN have damaged the reputation of the ANU Bar, which strictly adheres strictly to the code of practice for licensed premises. In addition, the ANU Union will be promoting the responsible use of alcohol by new students to the University during Orientation Week by providing discounted mineral water, soft drinks, and food — in place of alcohol — at major social events such as the Intercol Bar Slug.

—ANDREW GREINKE
CHAIR, ANU UNION

Please explain

Since he is so fond of using the term, could Michael Zorbas please explain, firstly, what the "eastern seaboard" is and secondly, where exactly is Canberra on it?

—ANDREW DEMPSTER



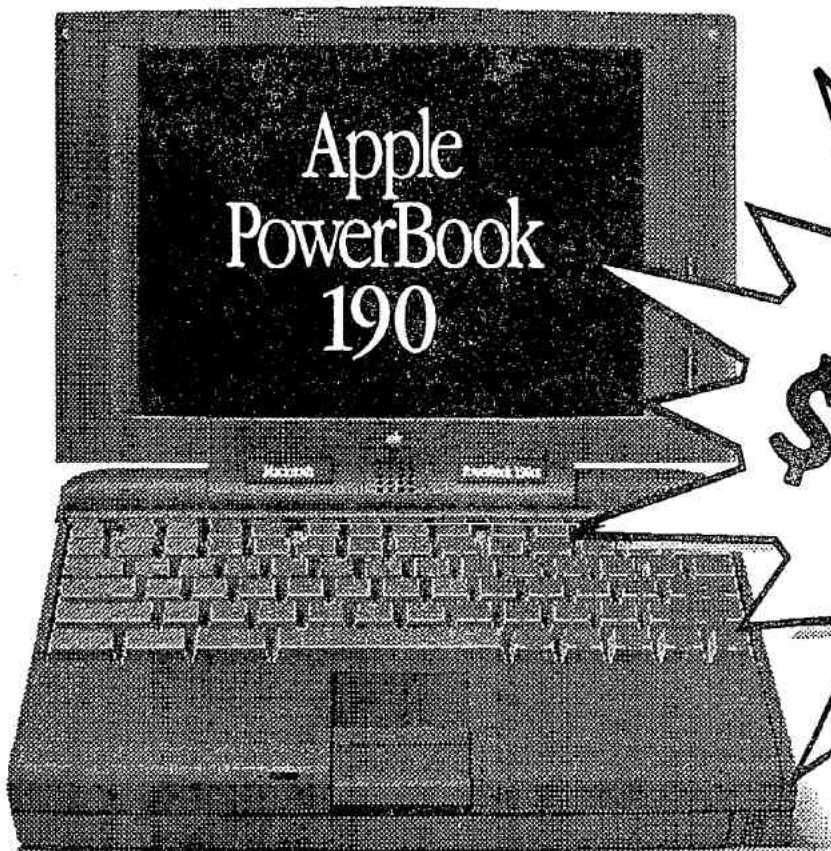
Apology

Gravest apologies must be made to the two women who appeared in the photographs (left) accompanying our story "What's the Deal? Confessions of a first year drug user" in the last issue of *Woroni*. The photos were placed next to quotations taken from the body of the article and in no way reflect the opinions, experience or attitudes of either of the two women. These women were informed when we approached them to assist us in our story, that the photos would be completely anonymous. In failing to hide their identity we have created the impression that they were in some way connected to the story. **THIS WAS DEFINITELY NOT THE CASE.** We sincerely regret any embarrassment or harm that our error caused to the individuals concerned.



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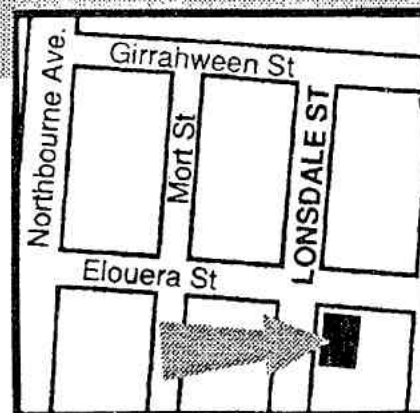
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Austudy — making your parents pay

by Michael Buckley

MODIFICATIONS MADE TO the administration of the new Austudy Actual Means Test (AMT) mean that the entitlements of some 20 000 students who applied for Austudy in 1997 will be reassessed.

A media release by the Minister for Employment, Education, Training and Youth Affairs, Senator Amanda Vanstone on the 26th February acknowledged "mistakes" that had been made affecting "just under 20,000 claimants".

The backdown was the result of the forced recognition by Senator Vanstone's office of fundamental problems in the operation of the AMT. A spokesman for Senator Vanstone's office, Mr Christian Kerr, said on the 3rd February that the changes made to the AMT were not

actually changes to the substance of the AMT, but rather to its administration.

He said that the application of the AMT was thought to be initially too harsh and that the Australian Bureau of Statistics' average household expenditure survey, on which the AMT was based, was too high to be applicable to students' expenditure estimates. The "imputation system" adopted in the AMT was unfair and unrealistic.

Senator Vanstone acknowledged that that DEETYA processing of applications was "too bureaucratic" and that the department's hotline was inadequately staffed to deal with student enquiries.

Senator Vanstone also conceded that in general, the AMT placed "too

much emphasis on the value of assets held by the family". This resulted in disadvantage for farming and business families.

Mr Kerr said that the major outcome of the changes made to the AMT was to be that payments to students would be able to be paid earlier because the Department was "trusting" the estimates made in students' claims of expenditure, but that these would be checked for accuracy at a later date.

Notices of reassessment and a letter of apology for the mistakes were to be issued on Friday 8 March.

Senator Vanstone's department is of the opinion that the number of applications to be reviewed is minor as it accounts for only 5% of the total number of applications.

A NEW PROPOSAL submitted by Senator Vanstone and the Minister for Security, Senator Jocelyn Newman seeks to dispense with Austudy.

Both Austudy and the youth unemployment benefit would be replaced by a combined youth allowance.

It is also proposed that a reduction be made to the sum of money that students on Austudy can earn. Students could only earn \$30 before their entitlement would be reduced, instead of the \$120 currently allowed.

If the submission to Cabinet by the Ministers is successful the government will save money whilst the financial deficit experienced by affected students and the unem-



(above) Senator Amanda Vanstone — What's she up to now?

ployed would apparently be taken up by their parents.

The Prime Minister, John Howard, has said that he favours increased parental support for the young and unemployed and students who are finding it difficult to make ends meet on Austudy.

The outcome of the proposal is not expected to be known publicly until the release of the Commonwealth budget in May.

report

O-week, "very jolly" say Directors

O-WEEK 97 WAS THE biggest and best that the ANU has ever seen, testified by the fact that hundreds of people are walking around with post O-week flu. The ANU and UC City Nite was a great success. Just over 1000 people went on the crawl and only two ended up in hospital. It will now become an annual event.

The Uni bar packed in 800 people on Tuesday night. Some were initiated and others watched in horror. Mashed potato, maple syrup, naked Barbie dolls and bare bums provided great entertainment.

5000 people came to Market Day. The bands were terrific. Anyone who missed out can join one of the 200 clubs and societies on campus at the SA.

The hacky sack competition on Private Bin Sports Day was extraordinary, as were all of the other sporting events and displays on the day, especially the Sexuality Department's Drag Race.

The O-week directors would like to congratulate all who won prizes and thank the Private Bin for their support. Sand and swimming pools in Union Court (thanks to Coke) also made the day memorable.

The Telstra Big Breakfast was early, free and delicious. Over 700 people came to enjoy it, with a balloon ride to settle the stomach. The Directors extend their thanks to Telstra for the hats, drink bottles and phone cards.

The Bar Slug was the event where everyone picked up their coughs, and was one of the biggest and most enjoyable in years.

Raga Jump played at the picnic



(above) Adam McGlashan proving that more is more at the O-week Drag Race

on Friday (thanks to Jackson's) and Bettina Arndt (who spoke at the picnic) demonstrated that ANU graduates can become famous.

The climax of O-week was Phantasy. The dance party was supported by Heaven, and Phantom Zone provided a blow up Wolverine and fairy floss to make the evening more spectacular.

Landspeed and Cowboys and

Angels gave away some cool prizes. Mooseheads delivered snags and music at the Beach Party and barbeques throughout the week.

The O-Week Directors hope that everyone had a great time!

—THE O-WEEK DIRECTORS
FEY LEU, LARA CHEVSHENKO,
SEBASTIAN HARVEY AND
HAIDI WILLMOT

Law School examines degree structure

THERE ARE MOVES in the Faculty of Law to fundamentally restructure the ANU law degree. The catalyst for this process was last year's Budgetary changes to HECS and higher education funding.

In short, under the new plan the Faculty hopes to achieve the containment of HECS costs for law students as well as to further develop the current curriculum.

The Standing Committee on the Curriculum released a working proposal for the purpose of consultation last week. The paper, which is available to all students at the Law Front Office details the changes.

Current compulsory annual units such as Administrative Law and Evidence have been reduced to semester status. Under the proposal all students are required to

complete only 8 points in any given year.

If passed at the Faculty meeting on 18 April, the new degree structure will apply to each and every current student in 1998.

The Faculty is to release a document entailing transitional arrangements for current students on 19 March.

The Dean of the Law School, Professor Tom Campbell, has called an information meeting at 2.15pm on Friday 21 March in the Law Lecture Theatre to explain the changes to students.

The Law Students' Society is requesting feedback from students on the proposed changes and will be holding a General Meeting at 2pm on Wednesday 2 April.

—GERALDINE CHIN
ANU LAW STUDENTS SOCIETY

The beat goes on

ANU SECURITY HAS COME under scrutiny after the Students Association received information from one of the Foot Patrol Officers that the evening foot patrol service was to be cut. The Officer said that whilst no official policy to cut the service had been announced, no provision to staff the footpatrol had been made in the new 1997 rosters.

The evening foot patrol was commenced in 1992 after lobbying by the then SA President Amanda Chadwick. Two Officers, usually a man and a woman, patrol the campus between the hours of 6pm and 2am. In this time the Officers escort people to their cars or to other safe zones such as a library and are part of a general presence on campus which aims to deter crime and assault. The Security Officer says that the foot patrol has always been

well received and respected by students who recognise that they are simply on campus to help students out rather than be a police presence. He is concerned that the service will be cut without any consultation with students.

Manager of ANU Security, Alex Chryss who was appointed to the position in December has described the reports as "totally unfounded". He says that whilst there may be some changes to the rostering of staff on the night time service and perhaps slightly different hours of operation, the service will continue. Mr Chryss says that he is looking to make the service more effective; "As Security Manager, I'd personally like to see more foot patrols and less car patrols" he said.

—HELEN DREW

West is best

THE WEST COMMITTEE ON Higher Education visited the ANU on Monday, March 10. Mr Roderick West and Mr Gary Banks spoke with the Vice Chancellor Deane Tyrrell and Senior ANU Administrative Officers. He also spoke to three undergraduate and three postgraduate students including the Students Association President Matt Tinning and PARSA President Nigel Snoad.

Mr West opened discussion on the issue of technology and its impact upon course delivery and teaching but students quickly turned the conversation to other issues. SA President Matt Tinning says that students spoke to Mr West and Mr Banks about the impact of reduced income support and its affect on students' ability to learn, the impact of funding cuts on the university, the administrative structures of universities and the

comparative benefits of having separate CAE and universities and the system we currently have where there are only universities. Matt Tinning says that both members of the committee were keen to listen to students concerns and were polite on the subject of access to higher education by students of different background. Unfortunately the representatives of the Committee did not meet with the general academic and administrative staff. According to Matt Tinning, Mr West went so far as to say that he was impressed with the eight universities he had inspected so far. He thought that everyone was coping well with funding cuts and that the cuts had brought out the best in ingenuity and entrepreneurial skills in the universities. Mr West was reputedly amazed at how happy everyone was.

—HELEN DREW

Student arrests prevent nudie swim

TWENTY-ONE STUDENTS WERE arrested and taken into custody whilst attempting to enter the Civic pool for a night-time nudie swim during O-week.

The incident occurred after the Burton and Garran Hall toga party, where, following a longstanding tradition, a group of students from the college climbed the barbed wire fences of the Civic Olympic pool for a swim under the stars.

Police reports state that the students were apprehended soon after midnight whilst scaling the

fences of the pool.

Those arrested were conveyed to the city watch house, where each was spoken to individually. No charges were laid and all were released with a warning.

Ringleader Phil Cunningham said he was "glad he finally got caught after years of nudie running". Unconfirmed sources say the group got over the ordeal after a quiet drink together in a Civic pub.

—MAGGIE KAUFFMAN

Where the hell is the cashier's office?

IN A MOVE towards eliminating the university's handling of cash the National Australia Bank has taken over the functions of the Cashier's Office. Chris Burgess, Pro Vice-Chancellor (Finance and Development) said that running the cashier's service cost the ANU \$100,000 each year. The savings achieved by the scheme and the obvious security advantages, made the plan attractive. The National Australia Bank (NAB) contract is for four years.

Criticism has been levelled at the Cashiers Office over the length of queues in Melville Hall. Reports of students waiting over 90 minutes in the first week of the academic year were not uncommon.

To overcome this problem plans are in the pipeline for a "smart card" system to be operating within the next 18 months. Under the scheme students can withdraw "electronic money" on their Student ID card from conventional bank accounts, then deduct costs for reading bricks by swiping the card at certain locations.

Mr Noel Quanchi, Officer in Charge of the ANU agency of the NAB said there was talk in the fu-



(above) A smart card could eliminate queues

ture of students paying for both reading materials and other charges, such as the General Services Fee, through any branch of the NAB. A similar arrangement has already been made with the University of Wollongong.

Mr Quanchi said the contract with the university was "mutually beneficial". The bank will no longer have an office in Union Court. The move to the Chancelry building was prompted by a need for larger premises and a desire for a position central to the entire campus. The NAB will still retain an Automatic Teller Machine in Union Court.

—TIM DIXON

Colston resigns

SENATOR MAL COLSTON has resigned from the ANU Council following accusations made against him. The resignation was announced on March 13. Colston admitted to accepting travel allowance payments from both the ANU and parliament when he came to Canberra for Coun-

cil meetings. Colston said that he "gave the ANU money back for needy students." He allegedly also tried to influence his son's ANU exam results — an allegation denied by VC Dean Terrell. Senator Colston will be replaced by Senator Bob McMullen.



Bettina Arndt visited the ANU during O-week to deliver the Graduate Lecture. A "quiet and conscientious student" at the ANU in the late sixties, Bettina became one of Australia's best known sex educators in the seventies. "Everywhere I went people told me about their sex lives" she told students.

Financial 'Apartheid' at ANU — SA President unimpressed

STUDENT ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT Matt Tinning has labelled the differential HECS fee system as financial "apartheid", and believes students and staff must actively defend the ANU or be swept away in the "flood" of cuts to Higher Education.

Speaking at the first ANU Education Forum on March 6, Mr Tinning also detailed the immediate impact of federal budget cuts on the ANU. "What affects the staff of this University also affects the students. The Science Faculty faces the possibility of an immediate down-sizing of 10% of academic staff, and similar cuts will be seen across the faculties."

This would drastically reduce the range of subjects taught, and number of tutorials held, at the ANU.

Also speaking at the Forum was the ANU representative of the National Tertiary Education Union, Doug Kelly, who warned that if action was not taken the ANU might soon fail to function as a research and teaching school. Whilst not wanting to sound "alarmist and pessimistic", he believes that the position of the University "is bad and getting worse".

Mr Kelly stated that ANU Administration has only increased the problems facing the University. "The worsening state of the ANU is not just due to a 10% cut across to board, it's the mindset that goes with it. The management wants to run this place as a corporation."

Badly needed wage rises are being funded through staff redundancies, leading to noticeable reductions in the number of classes offered this year. "You'll have found, over the enrolment period, that a large number of courses have been cancelled. Simply, there are not staff available to teach them."

The Student Association organised the Education Forum to discuss issues facing University students and staff, develop strategies to deal with those issues, and encourage student involvement. It will meet regularly, in an effort to generate student interest; both speakers encouraged all students concerned by the ANU's situation to attend the next Forum, and help to defend the University against the "flood of cuts".

—MICHAEL COOK

bits in brief

Rugby Club Merger

It is being proposed that the ANU Rugby Club and the UC Rugby Club amalgamate to form a new 'University Rugby Club'. The Sports Unions of the respective Universities are promoting the merger as a way of consolidating the resources of the clubs. The proposal is still in its discussion stage and the clubs will remain as they are for the 1997 season, but both clubs are asking their members to consider the merger. Members can forward their views to their elected committee persons and forums for discussion of the proposal will be organised throughout the year. For more information contact Gwen Wicox of the ANU Rugby Club 277720 or Phil Pankhurst of the UC Rugby Club 2533724.

Clean up Australia Day

The weather conspired to make Sunday March 2nd a "character building" challenge for the student volunteers participating in Clean Up Australia Day at the ANU. Despite relentless rain, the campus cleaners, including the Dean of Students, succeeded in making the university a more ecologically sound habitat for students. This year the Golden Key National Honour Society continued its association with the project by helping to organise the campus clean-up, and had the opportunity of aiding the nearby Sullivan's Creek Catchment Group's efforts to sanitise Sullies. Eight bags — full of assorted refuse, ranging from the ordinary to the baffling — were collected with undamped enthusiasm.

—TOM BARTOS

Leave a light on for me

ANU Security is planning to undertake a campus lighting survey in April. Two of the ANU Sexuality Officers, the ruggedly handsome Mark-Leon Thorne and Pippa Wischar, will roam the campus with ANU Security looking for places which are not well lit and could be improved. Anyone who knows of a very dark spot on campus which is unsafe and needs better lighting can contact Mark or Pippa at the Sexuality Department on 2798514.

Justice Kirby swings by

Justice Michael Kirby of the High Court of Australia launched the ANU Law Students' Society Lunch Time forums on March 12. Justice Kirby spoke about judicial decision making to an audience of approximately 300. The next speaker will be Mick Dodson on the Wik decision.

WORONI



student comment

Chuan Kee Lim
International Student

I first reached Canberra, Australia in 1994. I came to the ANU to commence my first year of an Engineering / Economics degree.

My first year was mostly spent studying in my small little room in Burton & Garran Hall and adjusting to the foreign environment and the expectation to perform in my studies. I'd already had a taste of living away from my family when I was studying in Singapore. Thanks to the friends I made, life in this alien land was not as lonely as I anticipated.

One shock was to find out that I was the only Malaysian enrolled in the Engineering Faculty in my year. I was doing Engineering and Economics, and had no peers who I could relate to.

Can you imagine coming from a country where English is only taught as a second language? — learning in English is very different to speaking English. I was quite lucky to have had some experience of being taught in English because I transferred to Singapore from Malaysia to complete my secondary college education.

Most of the lecturers and tutors at ANU, except for a few, were

friendly and willing to help me out. I treasured the relaxed atmosphere of Australian education, being able to call lecturers by their first names and interact with them during lectures.

Most of my friends were Asians students when I first arrived at ANU. I suppose that it was easier for me to relate to them.

Three of us formed a good team in Engineering and soon our support group grew bigger. Initially my friendships with Australians were quite formal, I guess I was very wary and unsure of my ability to mix with them.

I was beginning to think all Australians were nice people when one night as I was working in the Burton and Garran Hall computer room someone passed some racist remarks to me through the wire. I can still remember him asking me why I came to Australia and took his place at University. He told me to go back to my country where I came from. I didn't take it personally but

it was quite a shocking experience for me.

Some Australians seem to think that international students receive Austudy and can defer HECS payments. My advice to those ignorant ones is to grow out of your little world! International students do not receive any financial assistance from

the Australian Government or the ANU. On the contrary, we have to pay upfront fees for course as well as face other kinds of pressures. We have to adjust to our

new environment and a different culture and at the same time maintain our grades.

As the years have passed I have learnt, if not much, a little, about Australian lifestyles and attitudes.

Australians are very relaxed but are also outspoken and always eager to engage in constructive debates. Many are very curious about the Asian culture.

Being outspoken has its virtues. Australians and other Westerners are

always more concerned about the environment and human rights issues than perhaps are their Asian counterparts. The most commendable thing is that Australians usually fight for issues they believe in. This is something that I have learnt to believe in as well during my time in Australia. Some Australians do really believe that they can make life better for other people.

Most Asian students are not very interested in the issues that affect their life here at the ANU. You cannot blame them as they already face so many pressures. I still believe we should at least voice our dissatisfaction and not keep it to ourselves.

Every improvement that we make may not be enjoyed by us but will surely improve the life of future international students. When we go back to our own countries at the end of the day, I hope that we will not only take back a certificate but also pride that we made something happen at our university.

All of us come from very different backgrounds. I believe that if we make an effort to tolerate each other's differences, we will be able to get to know each other better in this shrinking world.

The international student scene

"He told me to go back to my country where I came from. I didn't take it personally but it was quite a shocking experience for me."

Sexuality Department

Security on campus

There has been a rumour circulating the Student Association that ANU Security is about to abolish the highly successful foot patrol service that has been operating for the past five years. When the Students' Association discovered that a proposal has been made to redeploy security officers from the foot patrol to other areas and, subsequently, dissolve the service, the Sexuality Department sent a letter asking ANU Security to please explain.

Alex Chryss, manager of ANU Security contacted our office to explain the situation. Due to cuts in staff hours and funding, ANU Security has proposed a new rotating roster system. This will mean security officers on the foot patrol will be taken from all areas of security and not be the same officers on every shift. They will not be taken off the foot patrol as was suggested.

The Sexuality Officers and the Women's Officers will hold regular meetings with Alex Chryss to voice the concerns and ideas of the ANU student population on ways of improving security on campus. Watch this space for further updates on this situation and other developments.

The Sexuality Department now has two new Sexuality Officers. Pippa Wischar and Shannan Mabbot have joined us for 1997.

—MARK-LEON THORNE
SEXUALITY OFFICER
279 8514

on campus

Woroni spoke to people on Market Day in O-week to find out
(a) their top priority for O-week
(b) which clubs and societies they joined
(c) which biscuit they missed most when Arnotts recalled their produce



- (a) the Barslug
 - (b) Law Society, Republican Club and the Mountaineering Club
 - (c) Tim Tams
- MONA (ARTS/LAW)



- (a) going to the Bin/recruiting
 - (b) Law Society, Film Group
 - (c) Tim Tams — where the hell have they been?
- JULIE (LAW)



- (a) meeting as many people as possible
 - (b) CCIS
 - (c) Tim Tams
- SHAUN (ECO/COM)



- (a) not to book students
 - (b) I haven't joined any
 - (c) I've missed my Kingstons
- NEILE (ANU SECURITY)

Need a place to live?

Housing Online

- A list of accommodation from the private rental market, updated weekly by the ANU Housing Referral Service on the World Wide Web (accessible from the ANU Home Page) at <http://www.anu.edu.au/admin/housing/accom.html>.
- Lists landlords' properties if they are available to students and one bus ride from ANU.
- Also includes sections for share accommodation wanted and available.

Housing Referral Service

- Acts as a broker to assist students and staff to find private rental accommodation.
- Apply to the service and receive free advice and assistance negotiating with landlords and real estate agents.

Contact Details

Contact the Housing Referral Service by phone on 243 3185 (73 185 internal), fax on 249 0737 (0737 internal), or by email to HRS.Housing@anu.edu.au.

Brought to you by
University Accommodation Services

**political
corner**

the issue

**Is Labor a real
alternative to Liberal?**

Most of the attacks now being made by the Liberal government were prefigured by Labor. Fundamentally, there is no real difference between the two. The previous Labor government deregulated and privatised the economy at a tremendous rate. The privatisation of QANTAS and the Commonwealth Bank complement Liberal's desire to privatise Telstra (an idea originally floated by Keating). Under Labor, wages were restrained though there was never any real attempt to restrain prices. Unemployment at the end of the 1990-92 recession was higher than it was at the end of the 1983 recession. Access to social welfare was restricted, the right to free education was removed and public health was pushed towards the "user-pays" system.

The ideology that informs both these parties is maintaining the capitalist system so that the privileges of big business and the rich are not threatened. It doesn't matter if it's Labor or Liberal: Kerry Packer only pays 1c to 6c tax in the dollar, media is controlled by very few, the environment is being wrecked, women continue to have lower paying and less secure jobs and so on. All this is inevitable under the present system where production is for profit rather than production being planned for human need.

There is a difference in the style of how the major parties implement their similar policies. The Liberal's are more crudely confrontational. This can be seen in the speed of their attempts to smash unions and gut the public sector. But are the policies of the Liberal's so different from the previous Labor government? Not really. For instance, in education the introduction of HECS by Labor marked the acceptance of the rationale that students should contribute towards their education. Labor, under the "Accord", managed to co-opt unions and movements to sell out the interests of their constituents. Under the Accord process union leaders accepted wage rises lower than inflation in return for a "social wage." But spending on health, education, housing fell as a proportion of government spending under Labor. No wonder union membership declined, making it easier for the Liberal's to smash opposition.

Resistance is involved in building a real alternative to the "Laborals". This means working to replace the exploitative capitalist system. This won't happen overnight. We must be involved in campaigns that can make immediate demands while attempting to take them further to achieve lasting change. That is why Resistance, under Liberal or Labor, is involved in anti-racism, feminist, anti-nuclear, environmental and anti-austerity movements and campaigns.

—MARTIN ILTIS
RESISTANCE

Many Labor supporters have been puzzled by the sustained popularity of a Liberal Government which has hurt so many battling Australians and broken so many of its election promises. The explanation often given is that in its last few years in office the ALP Government did similar things to what the Coalition is now doing. Who can trust the ALP when they did the same things they are now criticising, the argument goes. There may be some truth in this, but this is not and should never be to say that the Labor Opposition does not provide a real alternative to the Coalition. Clearly it does.

Higher Education is a perfect example. A stark difference is the approach taken to the Higher Education contribution scheme. First, when Labor introduced HECS it was

**"When Labor
introduced HECS it
was part of a plan to
expand opportunities
for all Australians"**

part of a plan to expand opportunities for Australians from all backgrounds to go to University. Every dollar raised from HECS went straight back into the sector to provide more places for students. The Coalition will place none of its \$800 million dollars raised back into education. This is a big difference between the parties.

The Labor party also introduced a reasonable repayment threshold. The idea was that you would only pay back your HECS if you reached average weekly earnings. Your repayments would be made in the years where you had the most income. The Coalition has changed this so that almost every graduate will have to pay back their HECS, and in the years where they are least able to afford it, the years immediately after graduation. This may not sound like a big difference to the socialists, but its important to the thousands of graduates who are now struggling under the burden of accelerated HECS repayments.

The political reality as we move into the twenty first century is that both parties have accepted that government policies must operate within a capitalist economic structure. Those who whinge about how the ALP isn't a real alternative usually disagree with this widely accepted truth. I would go so far as to argue that the only real alternative is one that is not so radically distant from the Coalition that voters will never accept it, but rather one that is both fair and acceptable to the majority of the Australian people.

—WILLIAM McKERRAS
LABOR STUDENTS CLUB

Students Association

**president's
report**

*matt tinning
sa president*



It is difficult to escape the conclusion that our society is rapidly throwing off the last remnants of its co-operative foundations and is gleefully embracing the spirit of unbridled competition. All things competitive are in vogue, whether they be in telecommunications or in the financial sector. This unpalatable fashion is also sweeping the tertiary sector at an alarming rate. The government's higher education review committee boasts a "competition expert", funding is increasingly being awarded on a competitive basis, and of course competition for international and now domestic students is perhaps more than anything else driving the agendas which universities choose to adopt. Similarly, in recognition of the fiercely competitive collection of articles which exist in every edition of *Woroni*, I have decided to adopt a new innovation in a desperate effort to maximise readership utility — namely to abandon lengthy stream of consciousness in favour of short sharp sections with catchy headings. Please let me know what you think so I can adapt this product to the wishes of the consumer.

Event of the Month:

The ANU will, as always, be making a humble contribution to the National Day of Action which is being staged next Wednesday, 26th March. We don't have anything particularly life-changing planned — we're going to kick things off at 12.30pm in Union Court with a lavish "Austudy wedding" to highlight the absurdity of the age of independence being set at 25; then we'll probably do a bit of collective whingeing about the plethora of other changes which are making life difficult for students at university. Like I say, nothing life-changing but part of an important national day of protest timed to co-incide with the considerations of the government's Expenditure Review Committee on the higher education sector. Please consider devoting a little time to the cause!

Highlight of the Month:

The triumph which was Orientation Week 1997 (thanks again guys!) and the eventual arrival of the student diaries (really sorry everyone for the wait) were pipped at the post for this prestigious award by the resignation of Senator Mal Colston — all-round bad guy and facilitator of the passage through the Senate of proposed HECS increases and Austudy cuts — from the ANU Council. His seat will be filled by a nominee of the Leader of the Opposition.

Lowlight of the Month:

I passed over the Library Committee's decision to increase the cost of photocopying by 1.5 cents per copy to fill a budget short-fall before finally settling upon the university's indications that the Faculty of Arts budget was likely to be rejected by Finance Committee. The budget which has been proposed would lead to severe staff and course cuts, but leaves the Faculty in deficit at the end of 1999. If they are forced to find further savings the loss of more than one Department will probably be unavoidable. Only something as depressing as this could win out as this month's 'lowlight' against the astounding comments of Mr Roderick West, chair of the higher education review committee, who I had the chance to meet last week, and who made the astounding comment that he thought the 5 percent across the board cut to university operating grants had left everyone happy, and was bringing out an entrepreneurial flair in Vice-Chancellor's everywhere. Got to love that entrepreneurial flair.

general secretary's report

I encourage everyone to be involved in the National Day of Action on Thursday March 26th. The National Union of Students (NUS) has organised protests on all Australian campuses to protest against proposals for a Common Youth Allowance and to reiterate student outrage at the many regressive changes in the 1996 Budget. Whether it be Austudy cuts, HECS increases or loss of courses due to staff cuts, everyone has a reason to vent their anger.

If you want more information about the effects of Government's policy at ANU or about what's happening on the 26th, or how to get involved then come in to the Studnets' Association.

If you missed the first-term General Meeting on Thursday, 20th March, you missed discussion on: Budget amendments (ie how we spend your money); last year's elections and the Wadgate fiasco; the election of the Education and Welfare Committees; and a donation to SMID (Students in Solidarity with Democracy in Indonesia). Don't miss the next one!

Vacancies have arisen in the positions of Asian Studies and Part-time Representative. Nominations closed on Thursday 20th of March. If elections are required for either position, there should be plenty of publicity urging you to have your say.

As always, if you have any questions, problems or suggestions, please drop by the SA sometime.

— HARRY GREENWELL

reports

debate

Mature aged students —
valued friends or boring gits?

Two ANU youngsters take sides on the issue of whether mature aged university students are friend or foe

Hmmm... Hmmm... Hmmm." There it is, that familiar sound of swarms of mature-age students descending upon a lecture like locusts, gorging their hunger for knowledge whilst annoying everyone else. Have you ever noticed that; the way they make that buzzing noise in a darkened lecture theatre? I have never had the displeasure of meeting a more completely nauseating demographic of people in my entire life than the (not so humble) mature-age student.

Just where does this crew get off? Just because they're all the same age as the lecturer they think that this makes them best mates. I mean no one asks questions in the middle of a lecture except them, and when they do it has nothing to do with the topic. It's just about how they used to live in Oman or some other such irrelevant rubbish.

Lecturer: "This of course was standard practice in Cambodia at the time —"

Mature Ager: "Yes, well it's funny you should say that because when my husband and I were living in Saudi Arabia in the late 70s, all the women wore something quite similar... except it was black, five-times longer and a completely different shape."

Lecturer: (For some reason doing their level best to salvage this idiotic comment and turn it into something vaguely coherent and relevant) "Yes, Yes, that's quite true... but of course they're different in their intent." (Uncomfortable pause whilst the lecturer thinks — I hate these stupid old bags! At least if they were young they'd have an excuse for being dumb, not to mention the fact that they'd probably leave me alone and stop pretending to be my friend.)

What on earth these old fools have to gain from ludicrous butt-smooching? No one flunks at the age of 59. Surely by the time you've clocked up those kind of years it's about time you began to think — Excellent! Who cares what I do? I can chuck things at people in the street and get away with it. I can tell all my children that they're good-for-nothing layabouts and get them to pay for my holidays to Vanautu. It makes me doubt their sanity that they would voluntarily put themselves through university and never once visit the bar, I mean, that's why I'm here.

This brings me to the question of motivation — is it a case of my husband's run off, the kids can't stand me and Oprah is below my

level — what do I do during the day?

Of course there are some mature-agers who are not too old to make use of their degree. Within this category I have met the only cool mature-ager I have ever known. (I should point out at this juncture that there are plenty others who are every bit as bad as their aged counterparts — usually ex-teachers or public servants on some sort of government-approved wank-off). Sadly they are in the minority as most mature-agers are nothing but place-stealing pains-in-the-arse who crap-on ad nauseam about their husbands, children, teaching experience and, most horrendous of all, their health problems.

To add to this list of affronts to the average student sensibility is their bloody irreplaceable enthusiasm. Nerds are not only a protected but an exalted species at university; uni is, after all, the nerd filter-paper of society, and no one does nerd better than those jolly mature-age students.

"Why yes, I have done the homework and the required reading, and I say, wasn't the suggested reading an absolute ball!

It was fascinating to read about Syria because you know we used to live in Oman, which is

not all that far away, and even though it's nothing like Syria..."

What's worse is that the older ones don't seem to work (living off a defence pension for husbands who ran off with their cabin-boys or something like that) so they devote all their time to doing their two bloody subjects. Neither do they follow the hectic drinking schedule of most students — unless they are still confronting the truth that their husband fancied little Trevor the cabin-boy the whole time. In which case you carry-on all day about your time in Oman, and then go home and fall asleep in front of Neighbours after drinking a litre of rubbing alcohol. As a result of this lack of life outside the continual perusal of the Suggested Reading List, they all absolutely cane in the subject and pinch all the good books months in advance. Not only can't you beat these people up, you have to actually sit there and allow them to dominate your life.

Remember, the maturer ager is a treacherous breed. Do not be fooled by their parental niceties. They're in collusion with one another — confusing you, in order to run into Chifley library and put reserves on everything — including your pride as a student.

—VINEGAR TITS

We should lay off mature-age students. You needn't think that before we know it we won't be able to bag out anyone lest people are offended. Most people draw a line and put racism and sexism together on one side. I argue only that mature-age student prejudice should join them.

I'm not trivialising sexism and racism by comparing them to mature-age student prejudice. These three differ profoundly — I'm only seeking to lump them together in so far as we should remove all trace of them from your humour.

There's something special about mature-age students which means you shouldn't joke about them even though you can joke about debating society nerds and campus socialists. They are the object of intolerance, as opposed to friendly banter. Too many times I've heard friends describe mature-age students flatly as 'stupid'. One mature-age student, who has always struck me as being rather normal, I've heard labelled a 'wierdo'. It is no wonder that mature-age students group together at university, given that they have to put up with this rubbish.

Mature aged students are subject to systematic discrimination. Many could attend university because in their day higher education was not free and there were far fewer places. Yet the Dean of one University Faculty told me bluntly that he wasn't going to admit anyone over the age of forty. Your right to education should not be based on your age.

Mature-age student prejudice is really just ageism, a prejudice that's neither trivial nor isolated. One only has to look at female current affairs presenters to see sexism and ageism working comfortably together.

Ageism, sexism and racism have two things in common — intolerance and discrimination. This is enough to justify dumping racist, sexist and ageist jokes from our repertoire. Why? Judging the value of this type of humour always demands a cost-benefit analysis where the enjoyment afforded to the majority is weighed against the offence such jokes invariably cause. It matters little how few in number are those offended. What matters is that they have suffered enough under discrimination and intolerance — and shouldn't have to put up with offensive jokes as well.

A similar view has been articulated by Robert Manne. He argued that David Irving should be refused a visa because Jewish Australians,

too long oppressed by antisemitism, should not be asked to endure the publicity which his presence would produce. I agree. A Jew should be able to walk freely down the street without bumping into a crowd of bigots listening to Irving at a rally. The benefits of free speech are secondary. Yet in *The Culture of Forgetting* Manne points out that Australians are reluctant to see cost-benefit analyses in this way, and gives a reason. It is all too easy for most Australians, whose ancestors were not killed in the second world war, to forget just how much the holocaust means to Jewish Australians. When it comes to prejudice, and what it means to mature-age students, it's not so much a case of 'forgetting' but rather of 'never having known'.

But the best reason to lay off mature-age students is that dodgy generalisations prevent us from appreciating them for what they can offer our education. (And they are dodgy — I've attended lectures in eight subjects across three faculties, and I reckon most mature-age students

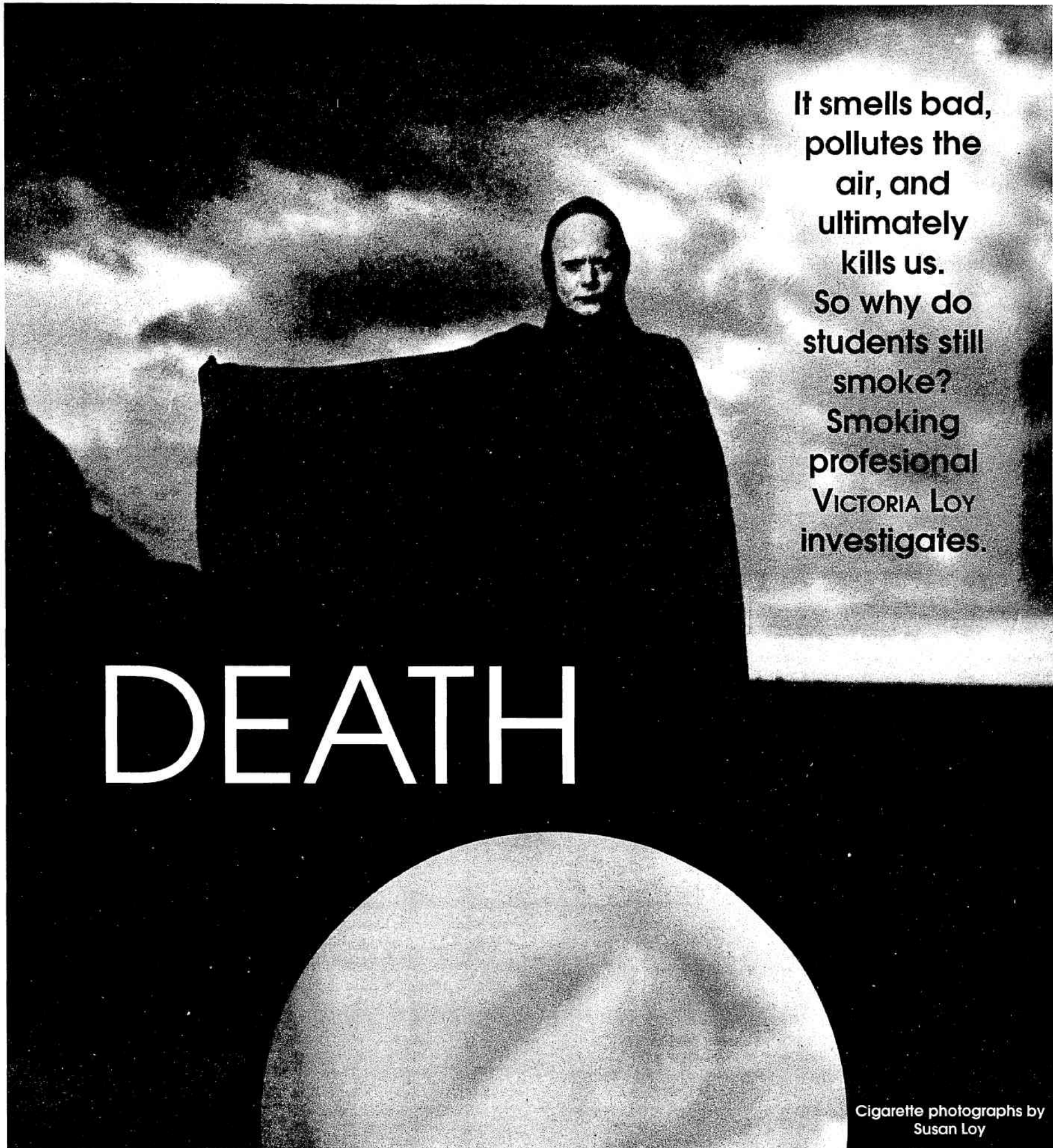
behave just like we do). I'll give you an example from the University of Newcastle medical course. Four

mature-age students and four school leavers are mixed into a group. This ethos of heterogeneity has certain benefits. As the students discuss the humanities of medicine, the young people, many of whom have lead fairly sheltered lives, learn a great deal from the broader experience of their elders.

There is a reason for our selective tolerance. Liberal societies have not rejected sexism and racism because we are good natured. We don't have sexual harassment laws because once upon a time men in suits noticed that women were being harassed and that it needed to stop. We have them because women demanded them, and banged on the table until they got their way. That's why I like the word enlightened. The passive voice is appropriate, because enlightenment was foisted upon us by those who'd had enough of being marginalised and insisted that we share the goodies out. It's all too obvious that other groups, less publicised and therefore still marginalised by otherwise tolerant people, would benefit a great deal if only we would shut up so we could hear them banging on the table.

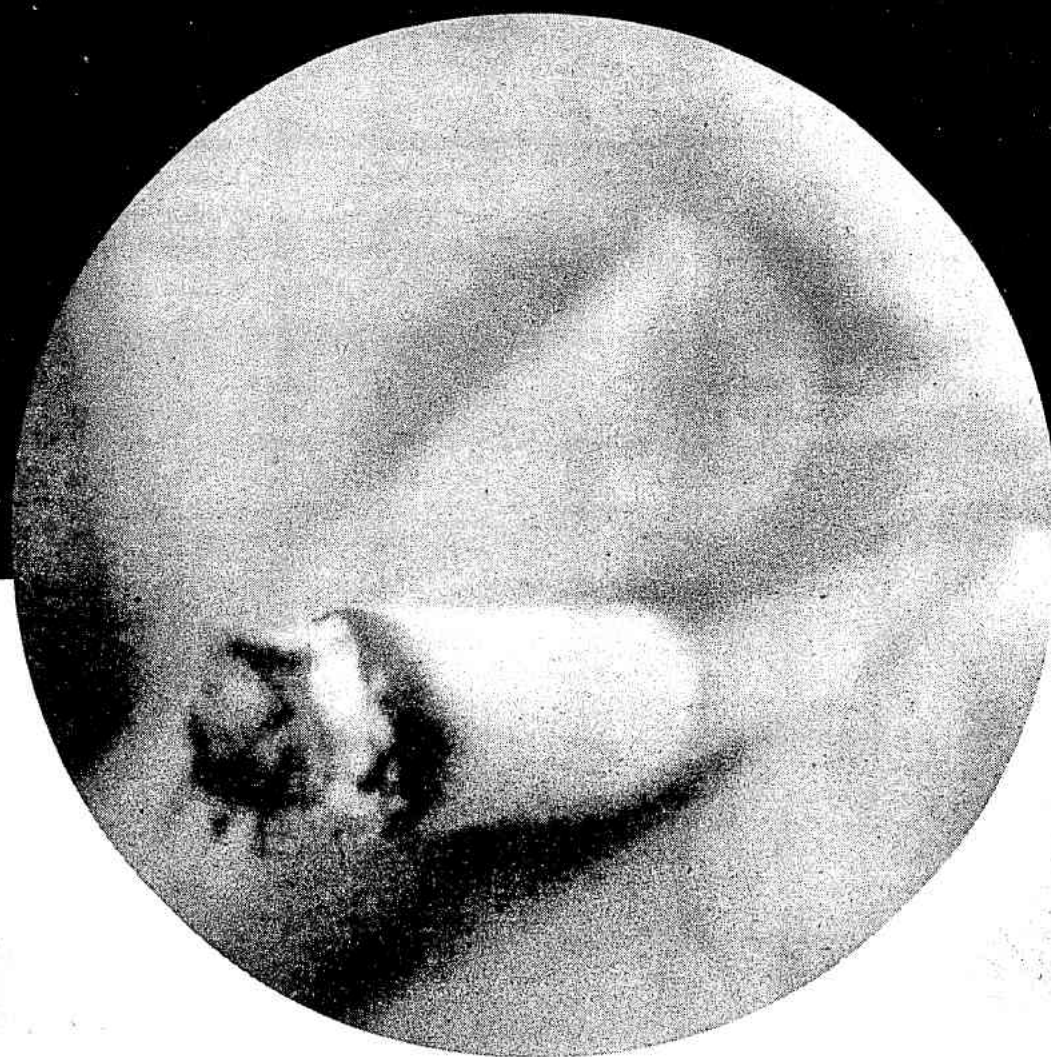
—PATRICK MACKERRAS

"Mature-age student prejudice is really just ageism, a prejudice that's neither trivial nor isolated."



It smells bad,
pollutes the
air, and
ultimately
kills us.
So why do
students still
smoke?
Smoking
profesional
VICTORIA LOY
investigates.

DEATH



Cigarette photographs by
Susan Loy

IS NOT AN OPTION

Apparently, smoking kills. I can stare at these words on billboards, buses and cigarette packs and understand what they mean. I know what emphysema does, and I often laugh uneasily at the sounds of the morning death rattle in my chest. I read, cancer of the cervix. Squamous-cell carcinomas. Amputation. Brain haemorrhage. Smokers and non-smokers alike usually react the same way to anecdotes involving smoking and hideous deaths: "Ooohhh, how terrible!" And it is.

But what should make the smoker repeat "How terrible" a few more times is the undeniable fact that if she keeps smoking, one of the above is an inevitable outcome. Unfortunately, smoking really does kill. These days one can't even try to follow the lead of Phillip Morris et al and insist that the links between smoking and painful demises are tenuous, and that air pollution is the real killer. The warnings placed on cigarette packs over the last ten years have fortunately done their job, and now people are not under the impression that smoking is just an amusing and refreshing pastime. It is, of course — but it's also dangerous. What is puzzling about all this is why these facts mean nothing to us. Teenage magazines are full of ominous articles lamenting the growing number of young smokers, especially females. How do you explain the reasoning behind courting something that's threatening to kill you? Are we such wild, hedonistic, care-free young bohemians that death is not an option?

Right now, as young and eager students with exciting educational prospects ahead, we're never going to die. Ever. That's why we intoxicate ourselves in organised frenzies, swallow suspicious crumbs of paper, cross against the signal. The future, for the majority of university students, is next month's exam, next year's graduation, tomorrow's episode of 90210. In the distance, barely discernible beneath a rosy glow somewhere down the proverbial track, is a future involving a family, a career, a prize-winning novel and a mortgage. Eventual lung cancer just doesn't exist in our constructs. It has no meaning. Images of smoking as fun jar harshly with coffins and beakers of black tar. The here and now contains all the meaning we need to justify smoking.

Look at neuroses for example. Even the most mundane type of angst takes up so much time that the future becomes an irritation. The cigarette is the neurotic's ultimate prop, more adept than any mother at prompting guilt. And since most of us are twentieth century boys and girls from good but broken homes

and we have any number of abnormal anxieties and oral fixations, this is one of the reasons why so many students smoke. The first and most obvious neurotic function of the cigarette is its unhealthy, destructive effect. Like a red flag before a bull, for some. Self-punishment occupies the mind. Next is the ever increasing price of cigarettes. For those already on something resembling a budget, adding \$25 a week to expenses is foolish, if not downright senseless. But adding it when you know you could avoid it if only you stopped smoking... aaahhh, the Neurotic's dream.

The complex nature of the cigarette means that while it will cause you pain, it'll stick by you afterwards. The cigarette is indispensable when indulging in a little post-failure, post-one-night-stand, post-inebriation depression. Think you can't feel any more miserable? Stay in bed, windows closed, under the cover if possible, and smoke moodily. Even you will be amazed at how thoroughly disgusting you are. See? You can feel better and worse at the same time. It's surprising that the Prince of Neurosis, Woody Allen, does not smoke, but maybe not that much, considering the price of New York psychoanalysis:

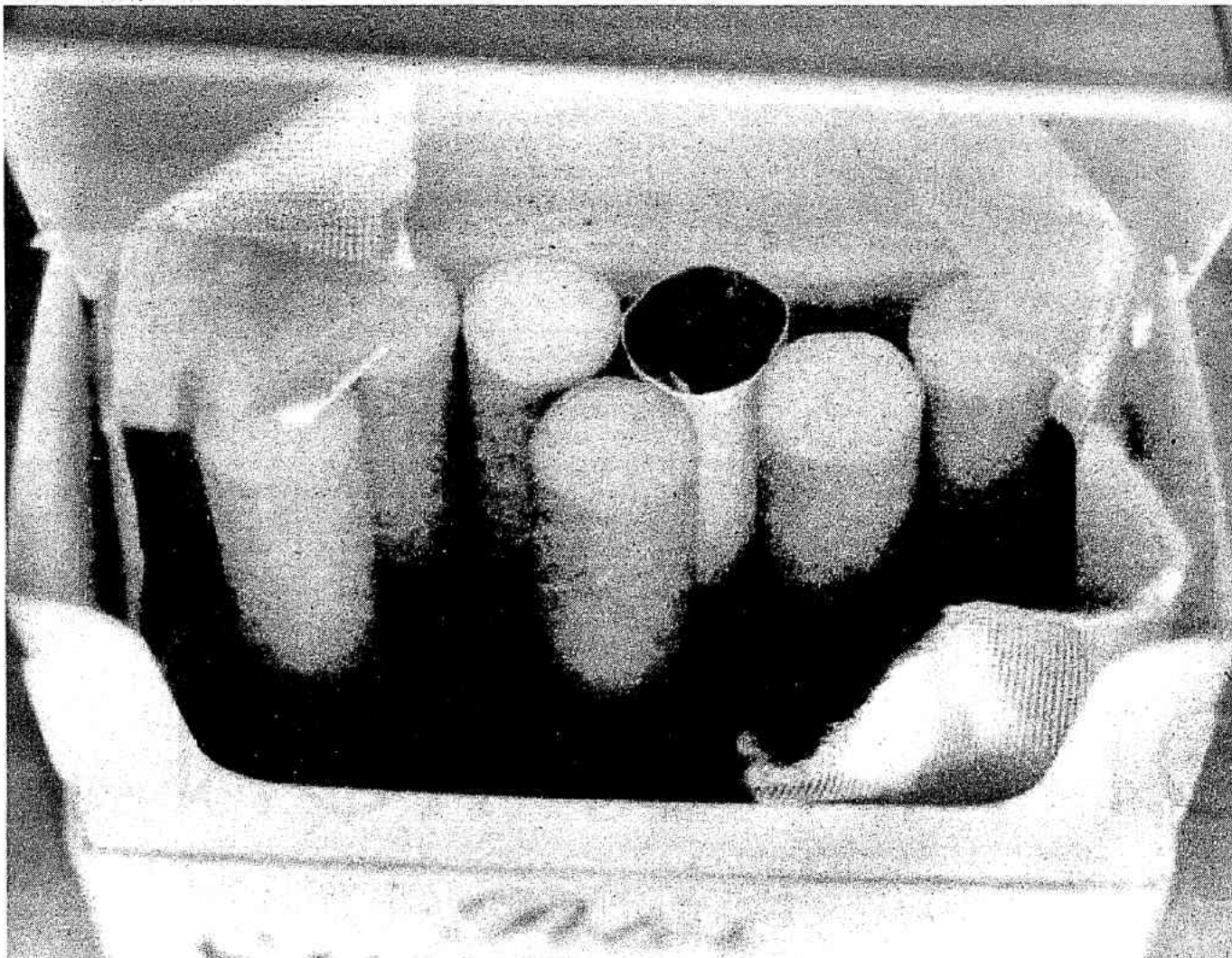
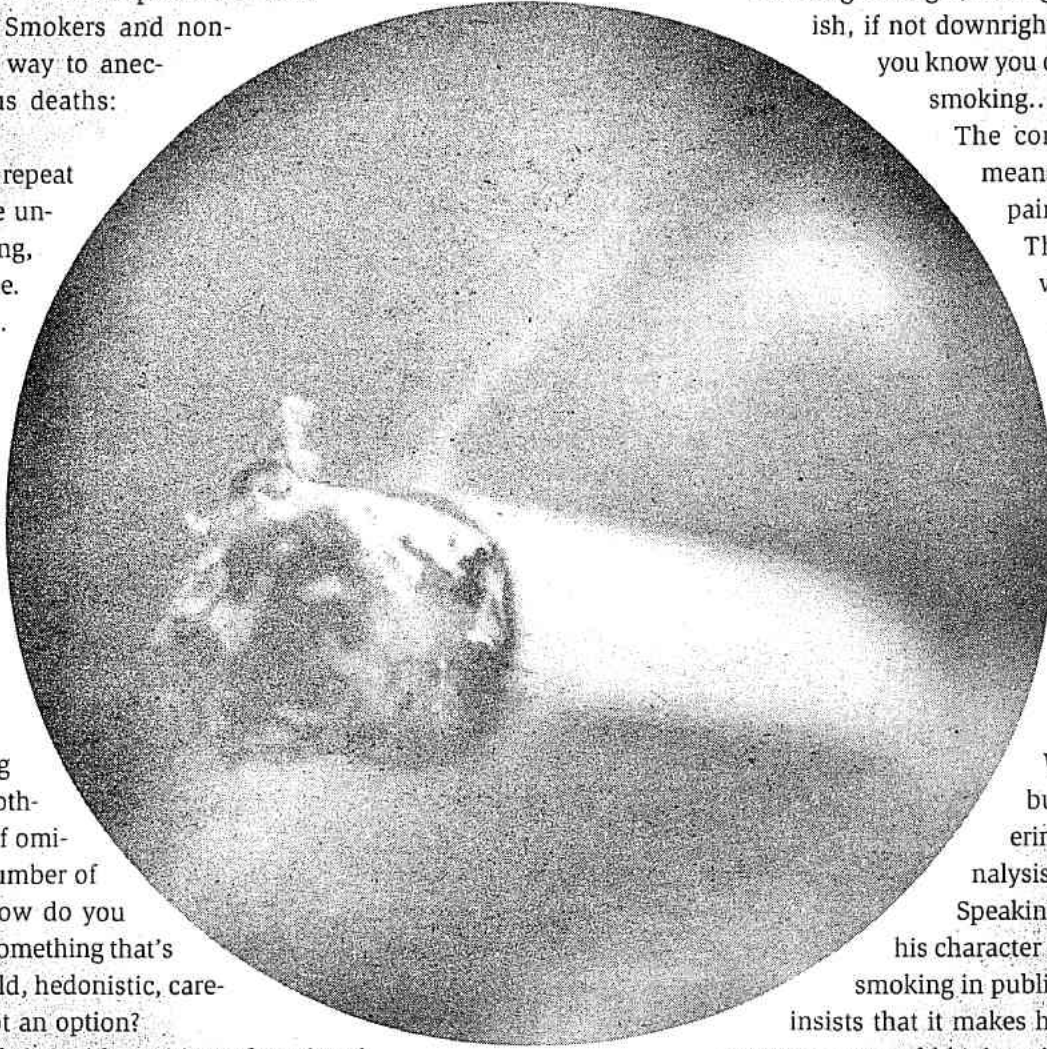
Speaking of Woody Allen, in *Manhattan*, his character is being teased by his friends for smoking in public, even though he dislikes it. He insists that it makes him sexy, macho, alluring to the seventeen year old he is trying to bed. (It doesn't). Whether

he's satirising or imitating it I'm not sure, but within popular and cinema culture there does exist a notion that smoking is coooool. Sexy. Tough. Macho. Erotic. And try performing a Noel Coward play without dramatic cigarette gestures and see how far you get. Cigarettes and all their paraphernalia held a dark fascination for James Bond. He lit his seventieth cigarette of the day... a Balkan and Turkish mixture made for him by Morlands of Grosvenor Street". James' women smoke cigarettes "appreciatively and without affectation". And who is cooler than James Bond? James has his cigarette lighters custom made by Dunhill. James has a lot of sex and adventures in Switzerland. I think the connection is clear. Although, it's possible that Ian Fleming was either ignorant of, or in denial about, the whole cigarette thing, since he created a contradiction that smoked two packs a night and was the world's greatest lover.

Women who smoked in movies because it was just plain glamorous were doubly erotic because it added a hint of masculinity to their feminine sex appeal. Bette Davis or Marlene Dietrich could simply look stunning in black satin and feathers, but coolly blowing a stream of smoke into a man's face also sent out a defiant signal a la Sharon Stone — "What're you going to do, arrest me for smoking?"

New Weekly is testament to the fact that smoking celebrities, from Brad and Gwyneth to Tottie Goldsmith, lead glamorous, sexy existences. I've yet to see a photo of Kate Moss on the town where she's not clutching a cigarette — obviously Kate was too young to remember the highly effective "Bag the Fag" campaign.

Is this constant association of cigarettes with cool the reason we smoke? Not by itself, because that would be pathetic and sad, but subconsciously, in the dim recesses, it's an affirmation of sorts. Even when the celluloid images of smoking collide violently with the rather more bronchial reality.





(above) Audrey believed if you smoked, men would flock to you. She ended up stuck in Africa doing World Vision commercials. **Don't let this happen to you.**

When you've smoked for a while, when you've evolved into The Smoker (born not made), your smoking has less to do with pop culture customs and everything to do with you as a person. This is where arguments about reduced fitness really become irrelevant. Being a Smoker overshadows all else. White of tooth and sweet of breath, other people will say "but it's just a habit", perhaps not realising the monumental understatement they have uttered. A habit, yes, but so is serial murder. A habit is incredibly powerful even when it's crossing right thigh over left or chewing your cuticles. A habit that also gives a sense of identity is going to die much harder. Smokers have thousands of little cues that get the brain, hands and mouth going.

On a beautiful late Canberra afternoon recently, I sat at an outdoor cafe, coffee and cigarettes in hand and watched the people around me. A touching ritual was performed by each public servant who came along, over and over, until the atmosphere became surreal. Person enters cafe, drops briefcase/bag, sits, claws through bag for cigarettes, places them carefully on table with lighter nearby, studies pack, lights up, and only then starts to relax and talk. This, it seemed, was crucial to achieving a state of leisure.

Once it's lit however, a cigarette instantly reveals to the Smoker the state of his or her mind. As sorting yourself out can often be challenging, the Smoker has an advantage over others when it comes to identifying feelings and this is why smokers are better adjusted and smarter. The stress cigarette helps you plot revenge or plan essays. The after dinner smoke tells you when to stop eating. The fidgety cigarette means that you should leave. The bored cigarette means that he should leave. One pack of Marlboros can tidy up your emotions and even prioritise your social life.

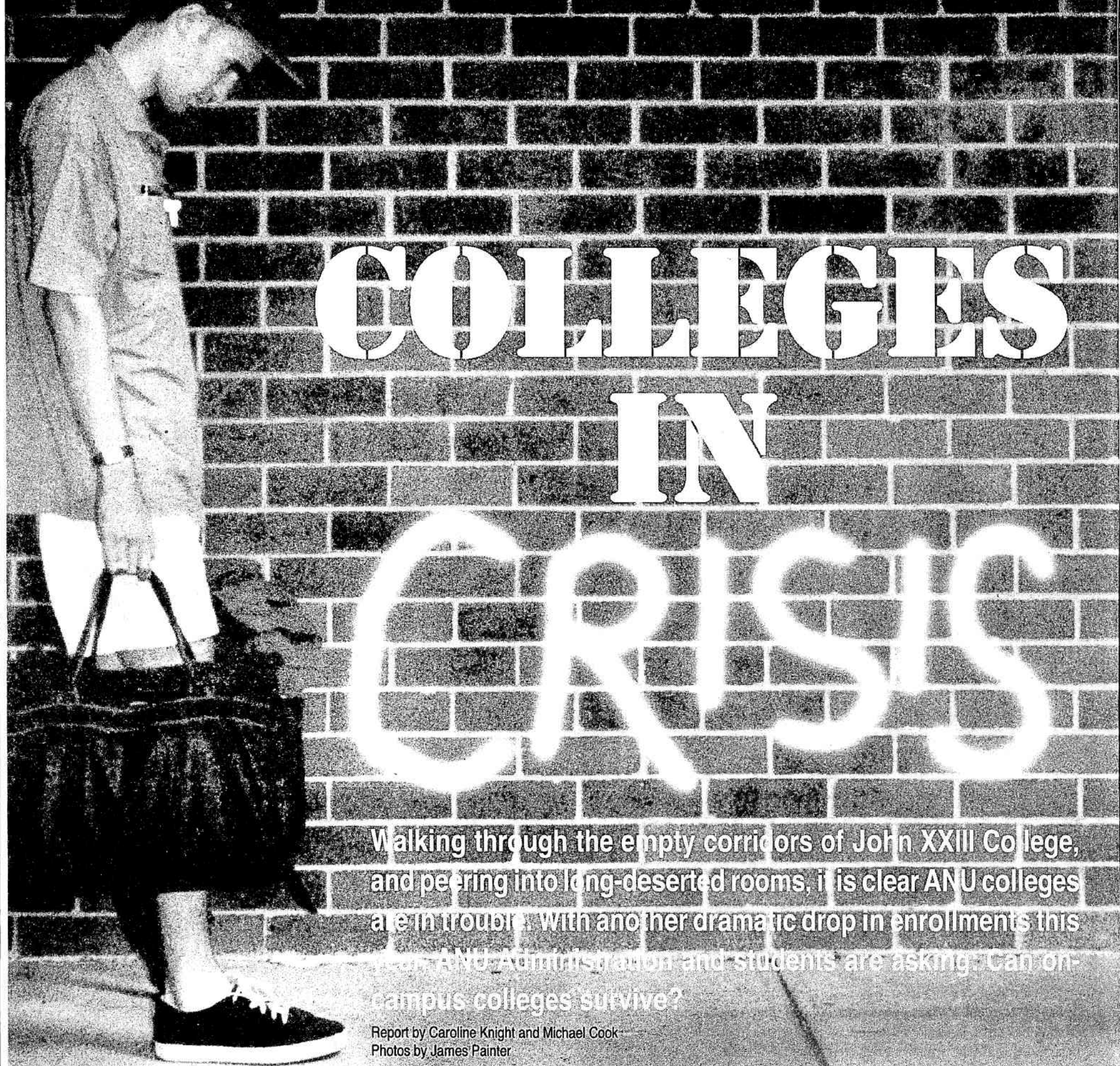
Part of you as The Smoker consists of your relations with other Smokers, and there's nothing like a bit of persecution to unite disgruntled folk into a rowdy band. Although we kids of today don't face the penalties inflicted on the wretched seventeenth century Cambridge candidates (if proven, tobacco use resulted in an audience with the Vice-Chancellor, banishment and suspension of degree at the VC's discretion), ubiquitous Smoking is Prohibited signs and lectures from irritating mature age students feels like persecution. Hence The Smoker is infinitely more charming and lovable in a social situation, as he has spent many a party flirting with *all* the guests in an attempt to find a kindred soul with a Tally-Ho to spare. And all too often the Smokers are thrown together in their freezing ghettos (back porch, top balcony) after the polite coughing has turned to superior hostility.

So that's the here and now then. After almost twenty years of health campaigns, some of us find that we still prefer smoking now to playing bridge later. Whether or not we're allowed to do that freely remains to be seen. There is a theory, lately formulated, that smokers experience a life of true freedom by

choosing the manner of their own death. That by exercising some control over death (inevitable even for non-smokers) they live in truth and in the face of their own eventual demise. When, after a particularly foolish bout of New Year's resolutions I toyed with the idea of becoming a non-smoker, this theory helped to see my way clear. I knew that I liked cigarettes, was actually extremely fond of them, and that stopping had no meaning. Said a wise man "Someone's either a smoker or a non-smoker. There's no in between. The trick is to find out which one you are. People who say they are trying to quit are basically pussies who cannot commit. If you're a non-smoker, you'll know". I just hope that when Death knocks for me, he'll grant me one last request **W**

Smokers hate

1. The fact that, without the aid of a machine, you can only smoke one cigarette at a time
2. Mature aged students who find it amusing to remind you that the Marlboro Man died from lung cancer
3. Women: The fact that we are constantly warned "Smoking when pregnant can harm your baby" but men are not told "Hey, too many of these will result in spectacular non-performance tonight"
4. 8 hours of sleep a night means 8 hours without a fag
5. Non-smokers
6. The Menthol
7. The notion of "passive smoking". It's misleading. Smoking takes more dedication and commitment than sitting downwind from a lit Camel
8. The fact that, at the time you need it most, the mid-wife stops you from lighting up



COLLEGES IN CRISIS

Walking through the empty corridors of John XXIII College, and peering into long-deserted rooms, it is clear ANU colleges are in trouble. With another dramatic drop in enrollments this year, ANU Administration and students are asking: Can on-campus colleges survive?

Report by Caroline Knight and Michael Cook
Photos by James Painter

The ANU hosts campus accommodation capable of providing housing for approximately one third of the student population. Applications for the university's on campus accommodation are declining, however, and the residences are scrambling for their share of the decreasing customers. After another alarming fall in registrations for 1997, many are questioning whether some colleges can survive.

There are 2191 places for students on campus (not including Graduate house and University house). At the end of February, applications for on-campus accommodation for the 1997 academic year fell from 1671 the previous year to 1323. That fall of about 350 applications represents a percentage drop of around 21%, and more importantly for the residences, a significant drop in income.

In some of the residences empty, unused rooms outnumber those that are lived in. Only a few years ago many of these were full to overflowing. John XXIII is allegedly operating with just over half the number needed to run at optimum level. Rumours,

some originating at ANU Administration, indicate John's may face closure — perhaps at the end of this year.

The same problems and rumours face Burgmann, Bruce, and Ursula's. Over the years, Ursula College has attempted to provide accommodation for anyone who wants to attend the College. At times this has meant that the college was so full that students resided at the Ursuline's Convent at Lyneham until a room was vacated on campus. There are, however, empty rooms at Ursula in 1997. Whilst self catered colleges seem to be maintaining their numbers, and are operating at close to optimum operating level, their waiting lists may not be as long as they have been in the past.

Matt Tinning, Student Association President, is taking such rumours very seriously. "The accommodation strategies of the University are coming under a quite broad-ranging review at the moment. The Accommodation office and Housing office have merged... as part of this, I'm sure, the nature of on-campus accommodation is going to be re-

viewed." He adds that "I've got the impression that there is a perception around the University that the current levels of fully-catered accommodation around the University cannot be sustained". The SA President refused to comment on whether these 'impressions' originated from students or the ANU Administration.

An aide of Chris Burgess, who is a Pro Vice-Chancellor and in charge of student accommodation, stated that "he is unavailable for comment as he is out to lunch", and refused to speak on the issue himself.

The reason for the concern at the declining applications for the residences is simple. A residence needs to be reasonably full in order to offer high quality facilities and services to its occupants. The ANU residences offer such services as laundries, computer rooms and organised social activities, academic tutors and pastoral support. It becomes expensive to provide these services to a less than optimum population.

One simple explanation for the decline in demand for student accommodation on campus would be

that there has been a decrease in student numbers, particularly first year undergraduates who provide much of the residence's custom. This decline has, however, been minimal, and is nowhere near considerable enough to explain the large decline in demand for campus accommodation that has occurred.

Confusion about Austudy payments, particularly in 1997, appears to have also made a difference to whether some people have been able to attend college or not. Student Welfare officer, Anne McCusker has had several students express to her that this has been a problem preventing them from living on campus.

Moreover, there is a perception among students that living off campus is cheaper. This is not always the case, particularly when one considers the expense of investing in household goods such as fridges, computers and kitchenware as well as electricity, gas and telephone bills. In addition, the prices in the rental market in Canberra has decreased considerably in recent times, allowing students to rent at quite reasonable prices.

Margaret Williams from Student Accommodation suggests that the binding contract that many of the residences use, is a deterrent for some people. Many people seek out Toad Hall for the simple fact that it requires only four weeks notice in releasing students from the college.

There are many other factors that may be contributing to the decline in demand for on campus accommodation such as demographic reasons, increasing financial hardship due to factors such as unemployment and rural hardships, and an increase in local students who choose to remain living at home.

Whatever the cause of the falling numbers of students seeking campus accommodation, the problem remains for the colleges to deal with. The gap in the market has been filled to a certain extent by the casual accommodation that the residences provide. This is a useful form of income for many of the colleges, but can't be solely relied upon, especially as it is not the primary purpose of the residences.

As a method of ensuring it is the final choice for the diminishing numbers of potential campus residents, Bruce Hall has introduced a new range of tariffs to provide greater choice for its applicants.

Bruce now offers two packages: a 7 day catered, 14 meal a week package for \$171 per week and a 5 day catered, 10 meal a week package for \$148 per week.

It appears Bruce may have found the answer to attracting the market by providing an catered/self catered option that has not previously existed. Although not releasing any figures, the College did report that they are operating at close to full capacity. It would appear that their new packages have been a contributing factor.

John XXIII has also adopted a new initiative to attract a niche market. Last year the College converted several bedrooms to kitchens in one of the wings of the building, marketing the wing to post-graduate students. All 32 rooms on that wing are full this year.

It is questionable whether these initiatives will prevent the closure of one or more on-college campuses. Many people within the ANU Administration and Student Association, whilst not wanting to speak on record, believe it may be a case of too little, too late. Only time will tell whether on-campus colleges — with their proud traditions, and infamous raucous behaviour — can survive.



Living at college: "The ultimate uni experience"

Luella, Sophie, and Kate — all in their third year at college — constantly talk over each other as they explain to me how colleges are the only true way to experience University.

"It's practical, it's convenient, it's close to the University," begins Luella. "Yeah," interjects Sophie, "and it's also a great way to meet heaps of people — you can't help but have a fantastic social life". Kate murmurs approval of this point as she battles a "serious hangover".

College life, to these three, has definitely lived up to their expectations "and wildest dreams". "Basically, you get out what you put in... you couldn't really get on if you were a bit of a loner".

Luella, Kate, and Sophie definitely are not 'loners'. But, as they all point out, "It's not like you have to be an extrovert, and do nudie runs in Sullies Creek, to fit in;

you just have to be sociable and easy-going."

"The college gives you something to be proud of, and be part of, at University," says Luella. "People joins clubs and stuff, but it's really not the same — I mean, you can play heaps of different sports against other colleges, and your entire college will come along to support you. It's great!"

Whilst Sophie "didn't even think about" the rigid one-year contract system, it was a factor in the decision of the other two to join Bruce College: "You hear about people who want to move out — and who really need the money — fighting the management for their bond money. A lot of the time they don't get it."

These three, however, don't see why anyone would want to move out in the first place: "Sometimes it can get pretty noisy — but hey, we're the ones making the noise!"

The one that got away: Why Michael left College

Last year, when Michael first arrived at the ANU from Sydney, he chose to live in a College for one simple reason. "Being an interstate student, I didn't know anyone in Canberra. Moving out with a couple of friends just wasn't an option, and I think it would be quite a lonely experience living in a house with people you didn't know, in an unfamiliar city."

Michael lived at a catered College for a year, but decided in late 1996 to move out and live with a couple of mates. "Whilst I really enjoyed college life, and found it a great way to get to know people, I also believe it's healthy not to stay at college for too long. For me, a year was enough... it all gets a bit incestuous after a while."

"Colleges are a bit funny... I mean, you can't do anything without everyone knowing about it. There's

a definite lack of privacy."

Michael believes that another major problem facing residents is the 'institutional' atmosphere of the colleges. "The main reason I left was that I'd been at a boarding school for six years before going to the ANU, and going to college, to all intents and purposes, was a continuation of that life."

The cost of living at a college also factored in Michael's decision to quit the system. He was paying \$185 dollars a week at college, compared to roughly \$120 living in a flat with a two friends — "that's a big difference over a year."

Michael firmly believes that the friends and facilities at College helped him cope with his first year, but is happy he's left. "I had a great time while I was there, but I'm glad I'm out."



Cult of Personality

HAVING SPENT THE morning on the Net, surfing any number of hideous accounts by ex-scientologists, I climbed the stairs of the Civic Scientology office with some trepidation. I felt armed with my newly enhanced awareness of cult recruiting tactics and brainwashing techniques, and had the specific aim of grabbing any printed material I could see and getting out fast.

I was greeted warmly by a young woman and told that someone would be 'with me shortly.' A few minutes later she returned and said: "Come this way." I stammered something about only having the time to grab a couple of flyers and she said, "Okay, sure, come this way."

So I did, and I remained in the building for over three hours, most of it spent with my guard firmly let down. I shared past drug experiences with my new friend, tried out what the Scientologists call an 'E-meter', I even watched the Scientology movie in the in-house cinema. Actually, it was not until I found myself rummaging through my wallet for \$40 to buy a book that I remembered my original purpose. And with a bagful of free anti-psychiatry propaganda, I fled.

As soon as I was out and thought through some of the insights into my personal life which the young woman had obtained with the miracles of the E-meter, and the flattery which I had allowed to silence my more pointed questions, it all seemed fairly transparent.

You don't have to be an idiot to become involved in a cult. Far from it. You should preferably be intelligent, but at a point in your life where you're searching for answers, certainty and direction. Recruiters will offer you appealing answers to complex questions and problems, they'll be friendly, hospitable, welcoming and have admirable goals.

Scientology is succeeding where the Aum, the Children of God, and the Moonies have all failed. It is successful because of its seamless rhetoric and its altruistic goals. The professed aim of Scientology is to rid the world of war, drugs, illiteracy, insanity, psychiatrists and other evils (Confronting the evil of psychiatry has been their most recent and prolonged battle). But the evils are defined in such a way that if you're not one of them, you're part of the problem. Indeed, if you see evil and don't confront it, you are evil too. It's terribly pro-active, guilt producing and effective.

One of the most common ways of becoming involved in Scientology is by taking their free personality or IQ

tests. This can be flattering stuff. They promise that Scientology can help you to become more intelligent, more successful and more attractive. If you raise a criticism or ask a question, you will be told how perceptive you are. One's guard can easily be lowered by such kindness and flattery.

What is Scientology?

In the "Reference Guide to the Scientology Religion" they write, "Scientology is an applied religious philosophy which recognises that man is basically good and offers tools anyone can use to become happier and more able as a person and to improve conditions in life for himself and others". It is a way of living and of making the world a better place. "The word *Scientology* comes from the Latin word *scio*, meaning "know" and the Greek word *logos*, meaning "the word or outwards form by which the inward thought is expressed and made known". Thus *Scientology* means *knowing about knowing*." It's an epistemology and ontology at once.

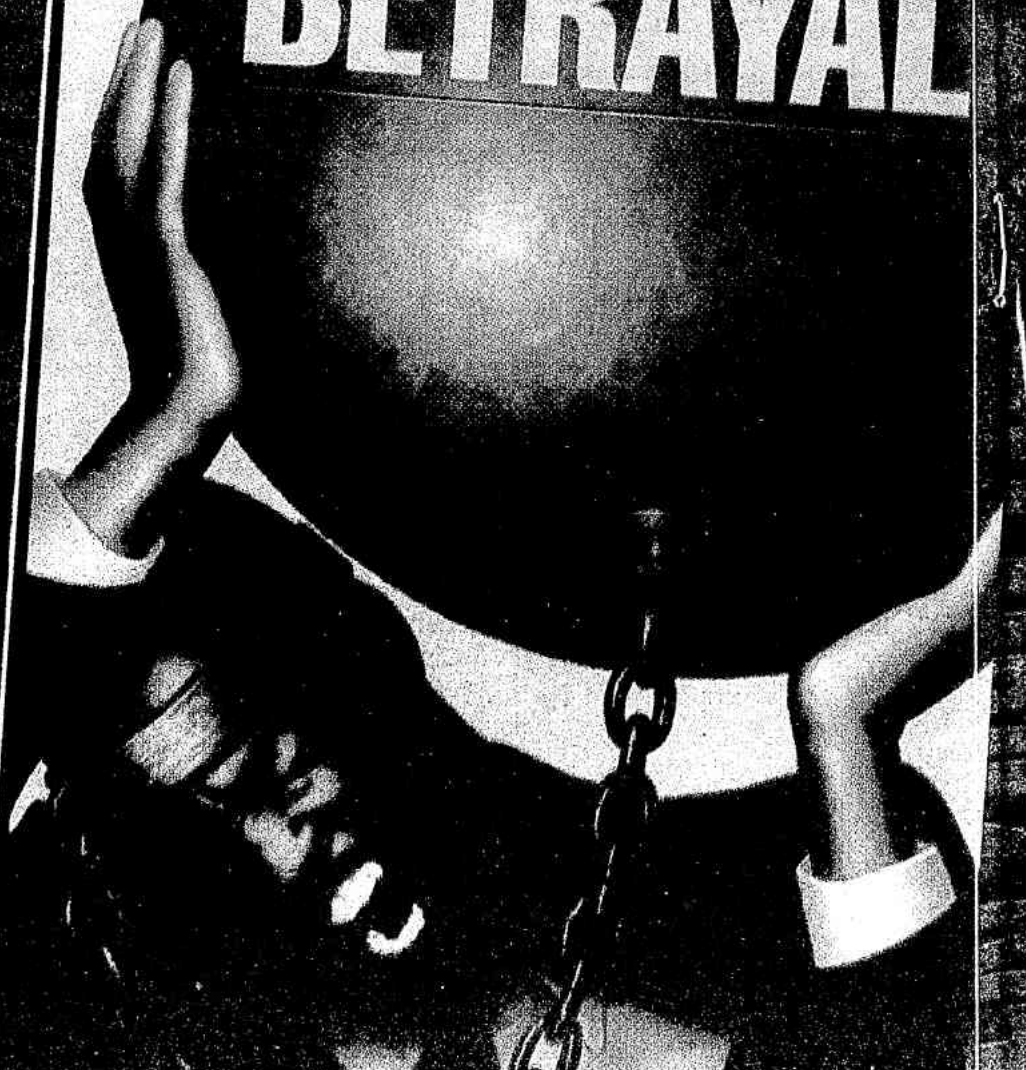
Scientology is both a religion and a Church; it's a philosophy and a way of life. Its "Bible", *Dianetics*, sets out the philosophy behind the religion and outlines how it is that one can fulfil one's own potential, and become an 'operating thetan' (OT; a free self determining individual). The basic idea is that we are all polluted with unconscious experiences ('engrams') from our past

(Below) Some examples of Scientology's anti-psychiatry literature.

**DESTROYING
MORALS**



**PSYCHIATRY'S
BETRAYAL**





Hitler was a madman because he underwent psychiatric treatment. All violence is caused by drugs, homosexuals are perversions and suppressive people are in denial of the truth of Scientology and thus evil.

and from past lives. These negative and inhibiting presences can be 'cleared' through auditing (a therapy offered by the Scientologists). This process utilises a device called an E-meter which purports to weigh the mass of your thoughts. It has been described by critics as a primitive polygraph (lie detector).

Dianetics claims to be a science. It is "an organised science of though built on definite axioms: statements of natural laws on the order of those physical sciences" (p.6, *Dianetics*). By science, Scientologists mean something which is certain and complete; a collection of theories which explain everything. This claim to certainty is the most seductive aspect of Scientology. Certainty is even more appealing at times of crisis and transition in our lives.

When one believes that there can be certainty and that Scientology is the only way to have this certainty, this belief dictates all perception and understanding of reality. Because Scientology has theories which explain everything, the world can appear to operate in the ways they describe. Even critics of Scientology can be explained by Scientology. The usual designation of a non-believer is a suppressive person (SP). These people are dangerous and evil and must be fought against. Scientologists also believe that SPs only criticise Scientology because they actually believe in it but want to further their own evil goals by suppressing the truth. Helmut

Cole (Chancellor of Germany) has recently been dis-

criminating against Scientologists. Chick Corea had gigs cancelled, Germans were urged to boycott Mission Impossible, and other Scientologists have been denied visas. Scientologists see Cole as an SP; but one who knows the truth of Scientology even though he is trying to restrict it.

Scientologists do not admit any evil into the natural world. Most illness is psychosomatic; caused directly by the actions of engrams. A Clear, someone free of engrams, will not get colds or arthritis. Hitler was a madman because he underwent psychiatric treatment. All violence is caused by drugs, homosexuals are perversions and suppressive people are in denial of the truth of Scientology and thus evil.

Why A Cult?

There is a great deal of excellent literature explaining some of the finer points and subtle contradictions of the Co\$ (Church of Scientology; this acronym is used extensively on the net). A good place to start with an examination of the cult status of Scientology is with a checklist for identifying cults.

The Cult Information Centre in London (www.informan.demon.co.uk/definit.html) defines any cult as "having all of the following 5 characteristics". Using these characteristics, it is possible to explore exactly how it is that Scientology 'qualifies' as a cult.

1. It uses psychological coercion to recruit, indoctrinate and retain its members.

Psychological coercion is basically brain washing. Many cults have been 'busted' using brain washing in its crudest form, ie. sleep, food and light deprivation, separation from family and so on. Although these conditions are not at all apparent in mainstream Scientology, there is a six week retreat called the 'purification run down', which occurs early in the process of joining the Church. With the aim of ridding the body's fatty tissues of toxins, all of the abovementioned occur. Budding scientologists are subjected to six weeks of sixteen hour days—rigorous exercise, long sessions in the sauna, scientology sessions and 'auditing' sessions (sessions with an E-meter). All this is done on a plain fruit and vegetable diet with huge doses of "a vitamin drink" which is supposed to bring to the surface drug and alcohol experiences. There is actually a GP present at every purification rundown—but of course he or she is a Scientologist too.

After this initial rundown, a more subtle and ongoing form of brain washing begins. The most effective brain washing method is that which the potential member does not recognise as such. Successful reprogramming is the kind in which the subject believes he is thinking, choosing, examining ▶

**PSYCHIATRY
VICTIMIZING THE ELDERLY**

**PSYCHIATRIC
RAPE**



The Co\$ has managed to shut down various anonymous remailers and the Cult Awareness Network. However, the Co\$ profess "That all men have inalienable rights to think freely, to talk freely, to write freely their own opinions and to counter or utter or write upon the opinions of others" (Reference Guide to the Scientology Religion)

Scientology's

"Celebrities are very Special people and have a very distinct line of dissemination. They have common lines that others do not have and many medias to get their dissemination through"

From Flag Order 3323, 9 May 1973.

The notoriously vacuous state of celebrity has its religious equivalent in Scientology, "Religion to the Stars". One can garner pretty much all one needs to know about this mysterious cult by looking at the astonishingly insipid comments offered by the various stars trotted out to publicise the church. As Kate Cebrano tells us:

"*Dianetics* is a highly technical book... Read it and be sure to look up any words that you do not understand".

You mean like "insubstantial", "mind-numbing" and "manipulative", Kate? Reading *Dianetics*, or the liner-notes from the various Scientology "personalities", is like watching

a 10 hour infomercial. Like the abominer commercial, we'll pull out a minor star from a day-time soap who, in some mysterious way, proves our product is worthwhile simply by being there.

Tom Cruise, Mimi Rogers, Candice Bergen, Kirstie Alley, and John Travolta are all high-profile scientologists who have been drawn in by the "Celebrity Centres", the largest of which is (of course) in Hollywood to "minister to artists and other professionals."

Scientology thus acts as an interesting metaphor for the entity that celebrity has become at the end of the Twentieth Century. Our politicians are now manufactured in a similar manner to our film stars so why not have our religion manufactured in the same way? It all seems perfectly reasonable in a world where simply being famous is viewed as an enormous achievement. In a way Scientology is the logical love-child of a society obsessed with masturbation.

(left) Not a prop from *Star Trek* (not unless John Travolta's guest starring, anyway). This is an E-meter, the Scientology device described by critics as a "crude polygraph".



(above) John Travolta attributes the success of his 1995 comeback to Scientology



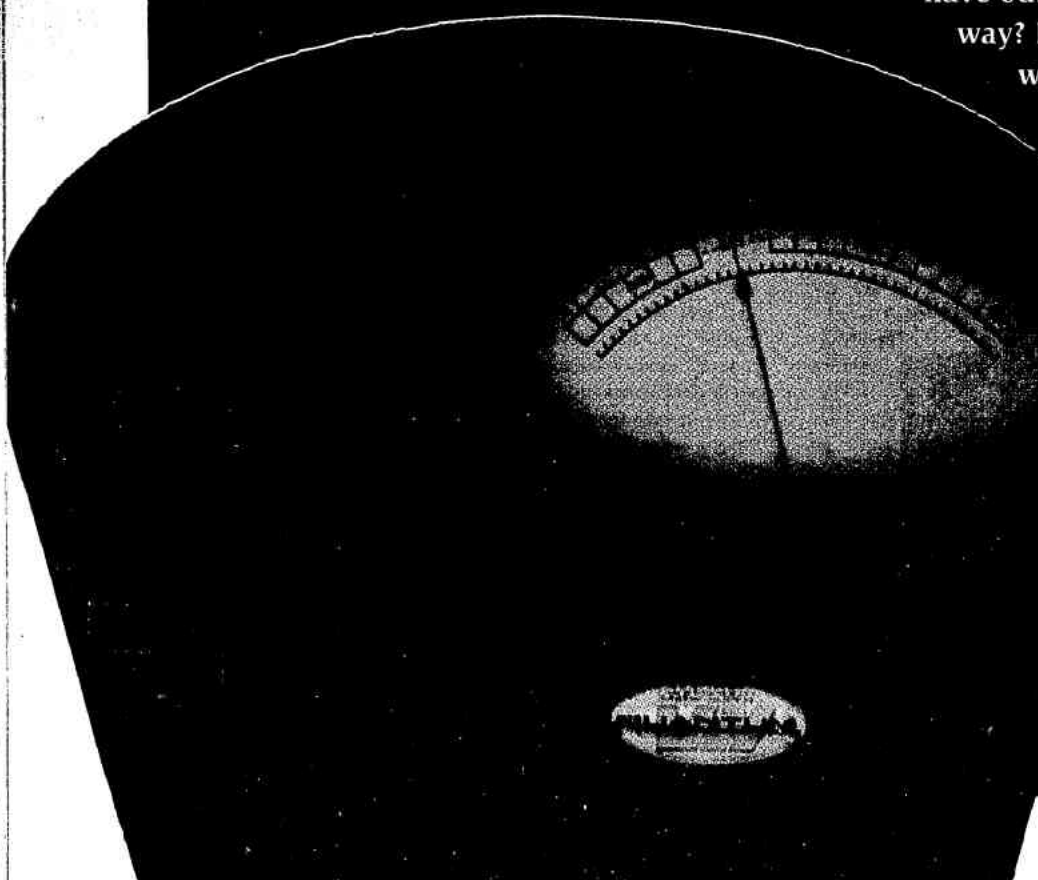
(above) Tom was crushed when wife Nic decided to leave the Church of Scientology

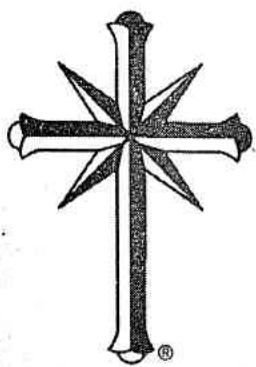


(above) Kate Cebrano is third generation Scientologist



(above) Even failed celebrity Kirstie Alley is welcome in the Church of Scientology





(above) The man who started it all: L Ron Hubbard. Scientologists deny he started the religion after a bet about what was the fastest way to make money.

arguments and deciding. L. Ron Hubbard (LRH; the founder and leader of the Co\$) advised his recruiters not to let potential members make decisions. In a policy letter to "All Divisions handling the public individual" LRH writes, "We have learned the hard way that an individual from the public must never be asked to **decide** or **choose**". The rightness of this is justified as follows. LRH writes that he has found the 'hidden datum' which will explain why this is so, "**to decide one has to understand**", and on the "big org [organisation] chart, you can quite plainly see that Understanding is higher than the point of public entrance into processing". Basically, coming in off the street, one cannot possibly be advanced enough to understand enough to be able to make a choice. For their own best interests, individuals should not be allowed to choose or decide.

But at the same time, the potential member is led to believe that they are making a critical judgement. "Data" is given and logically structured arguments are put forward.

2. It forms an elitist totalitarian society.

If you are not a Scientologist you are evil or suppressed or both — you are a Suppressive Person (SP), an evil which must be confronted. The organisation is highly structured. Levels and awards, various kinds of honours and commendations are in place; all hierarchical. But no person could be higher than the founder, L. Ron Hubbard. He is the totalitarian dictator even in the absence of death.

3. Its founder/leader is self-appointed, dogmatic, messianic, charismatic, and not accountable for the actions of the members.

Founder and leader of the Scientologists is L. Ron Hubbard (affectionately known as LRH). There are numerous rumours surrounding him. He has been quoted as saying that the best way to make money is to start a religion, and that the entire religion was the result of a bet; he has also been said to have recanted on his death bed, admitting that the entire construct was a sham. No-one can be sure about these things. What we can be sure about is the reverence which Scientologists have for LRH. Any centre is full of books, all written by LRH. Any scientology article will quote him, even on contemporary issues.

LRH is the pioneer of the good fight. Scientologists believe that they are the only group capable of solving the world's problems, and it is their responsibility to do so. A man like LRH can hardly be accountable when he has all the answers; he will never be wrong. We also know that in any centre there will be a bust and/or portraits of LRH. When reading from his writings, members may stand looking in the direction of the bust and applaud.

4. It believes that 'the end justifies the means' in order to solicit funds and recruit people.

Back here to the first point; a non Scientologist cannot possibly know what is good for him, being controlled by engrams as he is, and not having the Understanding of an indoctrinated Scientologist. LRH says it for us, "The moral is very plain. Never ask anyone in the public filed to Decide or Choose". It should be clear by now that the world is divided into Scientologists and SPs.

5. Its wealth does not benefit its members or society.

This is a difficult area for someone who hasn't actually been in the organisation. It's hard to see where the exorbitant fees charged for courses go (especially when they are often exercises conducted with another initiate). The free publications and videos are especially glossy and professional, but the "War Chest" always needs topping up. (Remember, this is a war against evil; all the rhetoric of battle and armies is used). The Co\$ runs extremely successful drug rehabilitation centres (NARCONON) all over the world. But certainly their critics have said that all organisations associated with the Co\$ (for example the Citizens Commission on Human Rights: CCHR) are only fronts, used to recruit more members and further the Co\$ cause without being explicit as to their affiliations.

Litigation

Scientology is enjoying quite a deal of adverse press at the moment. (They are also creating their own; full page ads in the *New York Times* confronting the evil of Germany). This is mainly because of their litigious activities against internet service providers and anyone who dares to speak out against them.

This adversarial attitude is justified because they are confronting evil; ie, non Co\$.

In 1994 Dennis Erlich, a former high level Scientologist, revealed secrets about the Co\$ on the net (on alt.religion.scientology). His house was raided under court order and all material, hard and soft copies, relating to the Co\$ was confiscated. In their defence, the Co\$ argue that their teachings are confidential trade secrets; they argue that they own the intellectual property rights to them.

The Co\$ has also managed to shut down various anonymous remailers (services on the net which protect the identity of posters) and the Cult Awareness Network (CAN) which the Co\$ seemed to regard as a cult. However, the Co\$ profess "That all men have inalienable rights to think freely, to talk freely, to write freely their own opinions and to counter or utter or write upon the opinions of others" (Reference Guide to the Scientology Religion).

Trying to argue with the theories of Scientology is like trying to argue with Pauline Hanson. You know she's wrong, but there is some twisted truth in what she says. The Co\$ identify many legitimate problems in society; violence, drugs, maltreatment of psychiatric patients, illiteracy and so on. The problem is that the causes are grossly simplified. "One for one every mass murderer has had psychiatric treatment" or have been found to have massive amounts of Prozac in their bloodstream, they assert in an effort to confront the evil of psychiatry. But co-incidence does not amount to causation. Comfort does not always amount to truth.

The opinions express in this article are not necessarily those of the editors or Students Association. The Author of this article wishes to remain anonymous.

LIFESTYLE

food



(above) Jyoti, our expert reviewer, enjoys the Dickson Noodle House's superior fish cakes.

eating out

Dickson Noodle House: a Canberra institution

If you like authentic and interesting Asian food that includes varieties from much of the Southeast Asian region, then The Dickson Asian Noodle House is the place for you. The atmosphere is relaxed, welcoming, and unpretentious. Here the focus is on great flavours rather than inner city chic. The food is cheapish, and if you are on a tighter budget you could just pop in for a bowl of noodles and save the banquet for a special treat.

The restaurant is run by the husband and wife team of Saya and Seng Rangsi and has been operating for three and a half years. During this time Seng has been serving up regular favourites such as Laksa, Thai curries, Char Kway Teow and Chicken Chilli Basil. But she has also been experimenting with a variety of newer, more adventurous dishes, ensuring an evolving menu and a satisfied and regular crowd of diners.

We were warmly welcomed by Saya who was attentive, helpful and full of interesting information about the food, the restaurant and the 1500 strong Lao community in Canberra. Our Sunday lunch began with two entrees. The first was crispy and flavoursome Thai Fish Cakes served with a delicate sweet chilli/peanut dipping sauce (\$6 and excellent).

Equally good were the tender mixed Satay of chicken and beef with a spicy peanut sauce (\$6) that unlike many others I have tried bore no relation to Kraft peanut butter whatsoever.

Our mains were fabulous. The ever-popular Chicken Chilli with Basil (\$10) did not disappoint and neither did my favourite dish, Larb

"Here the focus is on great flavours rather than inner city chic."

Beef (Lao style and \$10). This is an unusual combination of flavours — essentially beef mince cooked in fresh garlic, lemongrass, chilli, onion, shallots, coriander, mint and fish sauce. The perfect compliment to the steaming basket of Sticky Rice (\$3) we ordered. Saya's favourite and a stand out dish was the Pad Phed Ped Yang (\$11). The stir-fried, lean roast duck comes in a special Thai curry and the result is a beautiful combination, the flavour of the basil seeping into the salty juices of the duck.

Saya assured us that the kitchen is very flexible — just let them know how you like your dishes, fiery or mild. All main dishes can be ordered

as vegetarian. The Dickson Noodle House does banquets and take-away, but does not deliver. Bookings at night and for Friday lunches are recommended.

Something else to note is that the kitchen is more than happy to do special requests. A traditional Lao Banquet can be arranged with 2 days notice or else you could order in advance dishes such as the delicious Som Tam (amazing green papaya salad), Thai BBQ chicken, the "Crying Tiger" (a Lao steak tartare!) and Sticky Rice. If that sounds like you then give at least a day's warning, choose a quieter time like 2pm and bring a group of friends to join in the feast.

Dickson Asian Noodle House comes highly recommended — an absolute favourite.

—JYOTI LARKE AND DANIEL JOYCE

The Dickson Noodle House
address: 29 Woolley St, Dickson
phone: 247 6380
opening hours: 11.30am to 11pm daily
average prices:
 entree — \$4.50-6
 main — \$7-11
 dessert — \$3-3.50
byo: no corkage charge

campus look



This month, get back to the urban street feel. Louise Taylor, sporting our campus look, is a third year Arts/Law student. She is wearing one of three dresses (of varying colours) which she bought from Stock Jeans, Civic. Her jewellery is done by Bijoux of Manuka. Her shoes are by Shoe Biz and the bag is by Esprit — a woman of eclectic style. The top is her boyfriend's.

Photo: James Painter

Hey Presto! Pesto

Pesto is simple, tasty and versatile. You can use it as a sauce over pasta, or to coat roast beef, or in delicious sandwiches and jaffles. You will need a blender.

- Ingredients:**
 1 bunch of fresh, sweet basil.
 1 packet of pine nuts
 2-4 cloves of peeled garlic according to taste
 A generous handful of grated parmesan cheese
 3 tablespoons of olive oil

1. Remove all the basil leaves from the stalk and put into a blender with the cloves of peeled garlic.
2. Meanwhile pour a little olive oil into a small pan, and when it is warm, add pine nuts and cook until they start turning brown (be aware — they burn quickly!).
3. Add the pine nuts to the blender along with the olive oil they were cooked in.



(above) These fish are covered in pesto

4. Zoom until basil and pine nuts are in a smoothish paste. Add the grated parmesan and zoom, slowly pouring in a little olive oil (a couple of tablespoons) to give the pesto cohesion and moisture. It should not be sloppy, so err on the side of less olive oil until you get good at it.
5. Spoon into your favourite container — it should keep a couple of weeks if kept well covered and refrigerated.

You might like to try a variation by using rosemary instead of basil to make the pesto and stuffing a deboned

leg of lamb. Roast it and enjoy! Basil pesto is surprisingly good with rare roast beef too. Or try sun dried tomato or black olive pesto on sandwiches.

The stuff you make at home is so much better than the crap in jars at the supermarket, so why not try it — it's so simple.

eating in

buying better

Bargain bikes

The modest bicycle — a transport saviour for students and the free riding cyclist in us all. Forget the hassle of parking tickets and the cost of car registration, and discover the variety of bikes available on this budget tour.

First stop is the Ainslie shops at 'Off the Edge', a mountain bike shop. Here is the home of many a two wheeled wonder, some costing up to \$8000. This is not the place for the faint of heart, but for the competitive off road rider. We're talking one piece carbon fibre f/s design: frame, stratos strata rear shock with 80mm of travel, Mcu/Ti Coil etc etc arghhh! In my dazzled stupor I was told to lift the monster mother of bikes to find it incredibly light — always handy when you get a 'flat' and have to carry the thing home. 'Off the Edge' offer superior mechanical support — but be warned, they are renowned as 'bike snobs' in some circles.

With coil spring suspension fork ringing in my ears, it's off to Braddon for a more middle of the range selection of bikes. 'Lonsdale Street Cyclery' had a more accessible range of bikes, accessories and, more importantly, bike mechanical services.

Perhaps most accessible of all is the bike shop on campus. 'Unicycles' at the bottom of the Union Building is renowned for budget bike services.

Cash Converters in all city centres is worth checking out occasionally for a broad range of traded in bikes. Some are unwanted presents, others traded in for well needed cash. Don't expect astonishing bargains since these shops make a big profit.

However, if you don't mind mucking through mud and rubbish, 'Re-

volve', at the Belconnen and Mugga Lane Dumps, is a place of wonder. It is a haven for the discerning bike buyer of the handy home mechanic. You can expect to pay around \$15, depending on rust and the general condition of the bike that catches your eye. It is possible to mix and match bike parts but don't expect any help and always ask first.

Final stop is the quarterly Police Auction held in Fyshwick. This is a spectacular event and is the dream of any second hand bike buyer. It is a huge collection of stolen, confiscated, unidentified, unclaimed bikes. Unless you are a serious and seasoned auction goer don't get too excited about the fanciest bike there

— serious outlay is required for the really good stuff. Think solid, think reliability, think value!

Before you can say Jack Robinson, the wind will be in your helmet as you cycle, pollution free and free as a bird. Bear in mind that helmets are compulsory, as is riding with hands on handlebars and feet on pedals! You need to have workable brakes and bell, and good lights are always a very good idea! You cannot escape the demands of 0.05 on a bike either, so if you drink, resist the urge of riding home under the influence — it is an offence boys and girls.

—ALIX FIVEASH



(above) A glimpse of what could be

handy household hint
Stop! Don't throw out your 1996 diaries and calendars. They can be used again in 2003.

money

Place of purchase	Price Range	Type of rider	Services offered	Brands on offer
'Off the Edge', Ainslie	\$600-\$8000	Seriously competitive	Personal bike fittings; service guarantee for new purchases	Diamond Back
Lonsdale Street Cyclery	\$500-\$1600	Competitive to casual	Lots of accessories and kits; layby service	Norco, Avanti
Big W/ Target Woden/ City	\$150-\$280	First hand buyers on a budget	Cheaper accessories; good range of helmets	Malvern Star, Pro Series
Cash Converters City/ Woden/Belconnen	\$20-\$200	Second hand buyer with no great distance to travel	Sell it back to them if you don't like it	Non specific
Revolve Belconnen/ Mugga Lane	\$5-\$20	Mega tight budget	Friendly on the pocket	Rust enhanced — some searching required
Canberra Times (Saturday Classifieds)	\$20-\$6000	An early bird to catch the bargains	The ease of shopping from home	Any and all
Police Auction	\$20-\$2000	Any rider confident enough to enter into bidding wars	A safe and secure auction environment	Stolen, confiscated, lost, found, dumped, salvaged bits

legal ease

Getting arrested: doing it right

No-one wants to be thrown into jail but if it happens, you will be in a much better position if you have at least some idea of your rights. While you may feel all alone, there are a number of rights that you can rely upon which will ensure that you are treated fairly.

The first thing to do is to work out whether you have been arrested or not. This may sound silly but many of your rights will only kick in once you have been formally arrested. Of course the police will first try to get you to simply "go" to the police station and be questioned but bear in mind that this does not necessarily mean that you have been arrested. Once at the police station you are likely to be questioned by one police officer, in the presence of another. According to statute, this interview must be taped.

Once interviewed, you will be either arrested or allowed to leave. Walking out the doors of the police station may not necessarily herald

the end of the story since you may still be summoned at a later date.

At the station or in police custody, the most important right that you can rely on is your right to silence. This is a well-established right which must be observed at any stage of police contact — with a few notable exceptions, such as in motor traffic accidents. According to all Motor Traffic legislation, you are required to provide your name, address and driver's licence upon request by the police. Further, in some states you may also be required to give details of any accident.

If you refuse to go to the police station voluntarily, the police may arrest you and at this stage it is wise to co-operate with the police and just go quietly. The other golden rule once you have been arrested is to just shut your mouth! You have every right to remain silent in the face of any direct police questioning, once you have been placed

under arrest. However, if there are witnesses present at the time of your arrest it could be helpful if you insist upon the observance of your rights (and try and name a few) before you are bundled into the police car. Some handy examples include the right to be considered for bail by the police and, if refused, that your request be heard before a Magistrate (who usually grants bail unless you are charged with a serious offence); the right to have a lawyer present at any police interview. It may be a good idea to request a phone call to your solicitor before you go to the police station.

In the ACT you have further (statutory) protection if you have been arrested for a Commonwealth offence or for a serious ACT offence. If you fall within this category of offender, the arresting officer must inform you of your right to silence, your right to have a lawyer present as well as your right to contact a friend. These warnings must be

taped and the interview must be suspended until your lawyer arrives. Further, the police must provide information as to your whereabouts upon request by a friend, relative or lawyer and the police must then inform you of that request. Another important limitation of police powers in the ACT is that you may only be detained for up to 4 hours while the matter is investigated and you are questioned (although a court may grant an extension of time). You are also likely to be searched, photographed and fingerprinted after which the formal charge will be read.

Just remember if you have not been arrested, the police cannot search you unless the police reasonably suspect that you are in possession of items such as illegal drugs, unlicensed firearms or stolen property. Further the police cannot search your premises without a warrant unless it is a domestic violence situation.

Finally, be aware that in some situations the police may simply be trying to give you a bit of a fright and it may be best to simply be as helpful as you possibly can. However, if you are being questioned about a serious offence (like an offence which could see you behind bars!) in which you are implicated it may be better to refuse to answer any questions until formally arrested. But no matter what your situation remember — you do have a right to silence and that right is there to protect you from making any self-incriminating admissions. Which may happen just because you are in an intimidating situation and don't know what you are doing. So, if in doubt, just be quiet until your lawyer arrives!

—AMANDA SMITH
Although Woroni attempts to ensure the accuracy of this column, it should not be relied upon as legal advice.

travel

adventure

Adrenalin-pumping New Zealand

Your increasingly panicked eyes watch the dial on the altimeter, as it slowly but surely crawls around... 2000ft... 4000ft... 7000ft. The engine of the tiny plane screams as it struggles to circle up to the incredible height of 9000ft; its wing tip pointed towards the ground at a stomach churning angle. Then finally, and in total shock, you watch your two companions as they disappear, without so much as a cry, out the door of the aeroplane, until your turn comes and you are pushed to the edge. With your legs dangling in space, you can finally see how far you will plummet, but just as you open your mouth to scream "Noooooo!", you are out, falling like a stone.

Anyone experienced this scenario? You won't have, unless you have done a skydive, or you are dead. Hate to brag, but I did it — the ultimate coward and couch potato. I allowed myself to be tied up to a big beefy New Zealander and free fall from 9000ft, saved from splatterdom by a flimsy silk bag which brings you out of your accelerating death plummet to drift above stunning scenery to a gentle landing.

What possesses normal, rational human beings to dice with death? Why fling yourself out of a perfectly functioning plane when you could be sitting in front of the telly crunching on easter eggs? Well, when you backpack around New Zealand, these questions don't really surface in your adrenaline-charged brain cells. It is easy to get swept up in the whole action-packed circus that this incredible country puts on for anyone with a backpack and lots of cash.

Ignoring all the usual innuendo about sheep and velcro gloves (which incidentally feature in many jokes about Aussies too), New Zealand is shaping up as the mecca for young backpackers — it's relatively cheap, and boasts scenery to rival Switzerland, Ireland, the Amazon and Australia, but in a considerably smaller area. This provides a spectacular backdrop for a huge range of life-threatening, wallet-emptying but generally must-do activities.

The above-described skydive took place in scenic Taupo which is perched precariously on the edge of a junction between two continental plates. It therefore has a rather unpleasant tendency to explode violently every few hundred years. Not that you should trouble your adrenal gland with that triviality with that. Although, if you venture to Rotorua, other, more relevant questions surface, like "how long does it take to die if you accidentally fall into



(above) Ex-Woroni editor Bianca Nogrady laughs in the face of death

that violently steaming fumarole?" Rotorua is singular in the fact that even the most foul of noxious bodily emissions pale into anonymity in comparison with the pong that resides here 24 hours a day. Described by one admirer as a cross between vomit, burning rubber and fried onions, it is truly evil. Needless to say, Eau de Rotorua would not be on Christmas shopping lists for long.



"Just as you open your mouth to scream 'Nooo!', you are out, falling like a stone."

That aside, Rotorua is an awesome and violent place. Where else in the world can you watch people cook dinner in water heated by the molten surface of the earth? Where else are you cautioned not to stray from the path in case the ground explodes beneath your feet and you may sink without warning into the scalding hot rock.

Queenstown, located on the South Island, is a mecca for backpackers and thrill-seekers. If it scares the bollocks out of you, you can do it here. Hanggliding was a hot option for me as it fulfills one of my childhood dreams of being able to fly without floaties (don't ask — must have been the cod-liver oil). Queenstown is one of the nicer places to do it owing to the spectacular Swiss-style scenery, and although the cost is more than a little steep, definitely worth it. The feeling of climbing thermals next to a hawk is hard to describe, as is the almost painful gut-wrench when your tandem partner decides to tip the glider at a 45 degree angle to let

you brush the tree-tops with your feet.

If your tastes are more aquatic, the latest rush to hit town is riverboarding, which involves surfing down white-water rapids on a boogie board, with only your own painfully-scrawny legs and flippers for steering. The guides make it all the more exciting by adding training statements like; "don't get sucked into the Man Eater rapid because you'll never get out." I found it very useful to just surreptitiously latch onto the foot of one of the guides, and let him keep me alive. This activity is definitely great fun, especially if the river is really big and you turn into an insignificant piece of flotsam that seems to hit every whirlpool in the district.

The sleepy town of Kaikoura, just north of Christchurch is an unlikely tourist spot. Here, having forked out lots of Kiwi dollars, you are squeezed into a wetsuit at 5.30am and dumped in freezing water, and left to the mercy of the waves. Just after you relocate your testicles (if you have them), you become aware of shadowy shapes, about dolphin size, swirling around you. They swim up towards you, darting away only inches from you. If you dive down a bit with your snorkel, they become even more intrigued, circling you in the hope you'll play the game and follow them, even though your puny flippers are hopelessly inadequate. If you repeat the exercise a few kilometers up the coast, you'll become entertainment for the colony of fur seals that frolic around, who also find humans a rather curious playmate. All in all — totally mindblowing.

White water rafting is a die-hard success. The company with whom I rafted included accommodation for the night before, so one could get to know the group and the guide. I had the good fortune (?) to be grouped with a few raving-mad Scotsmen (a

foreign
correspondent

jeanie hayden
(jeanhay@unixg.ub.ca)
university of british columbia



Canadians: Australians who speak like Americans

My University of British Columbia Exchange Guide is full of essential survival tips which I couldn't have done without. It tells me that "taxis are an expensive way to get around unless you are with friends" and "you will not always find living with your roommates easy" along with my particular favourite, "making frequent phone calls to your parents will not always be the best way to adapt to your new situation." In addition, the guide also sets out the 5 stages of adjustment that exchange students have to go through: The Honeymoon, Missing Home stage, Frustration, Positive Adaption, and Reverse Culture shock. I read about these stages on my arrival in Vancouver, and was quite eager to experience the emotional turmoil that the guide promised me.

On first arriving in Canada, I expected all the differences to immediately hit me. I kept my eyes peeled for any variations in the way Vancouver operated as I experienced class registration, shopping, and college life. I tentatively began conversations with the Canadians around me — watching for variations in values and attitudes. I was ready to be treated as an outsider.

Well, the adrenalin rush from arriving in a new country lasted about a week. I was convinced there were no differences — Canadians seemed exactly like us, except they speak like Americans. They have the same attitudes to university and work, and like us they are pulling away from their British past while trying not to become another McCountry. There did not seem to be any "shock" in the cultural experience I was getting.

"Have a nice time" people had said when I left ANU. What surprised me about living in Vancouver is that it was effortlessly easy to have a nice time. Paul Theroux, travel writer, makes the pretentious assertion that he does not seek "nice" times only risk, danger, excitement and discomfort. But after recovering from the shock of having no culture shock I found there is a lot to be said for an easy adaption: Canadians understand my jokes, they know how to drink, and you can always bond with them by criticising the Americans. When I stopped looking for overt differences the subtleties became more apparent. Did you know Canadians don't have 21st birthday celebrations?

Currently, if I had to classify my level of cultural adjustment I would say that I am at a combined frustrated/positive adaption stage. The writers of the UBC exchange guide think this stage is unique to exchange students, but most university students exist in this stage permanently, frustrated that studying gets in the way of a good time. The only problem with being on exchange is that studying is even more frustrating than normal. However, I'm getting around the frustration; and finding new cultural differences on how to procrastinate. It's easy to justify skipping an assignment to go skiing in the Rocky Mountains.

common phenomenon) who decided we'd all play drinking games to get to know each other, with the result that when we saddled up the next morning to face our watery doom, we were each saddled with the most evil of hangovers, the worst hit being our guide. His hangover also manifested in an inability to tell left from right, so our raft distinguished itself in losing the first and only two men overboard on the very first rapid. It is truly terrifying being tossed about in mountainous waves that submerge the entire raft (and all eight occupants), only to spit it out at warp speed towards a very solid and unmovable rock. This was definitely my favourite activity,

both for fun, and value for money.

Black-water rafting is relatively unheard of in Australia, but consists of bumming on inner tubes through a cave river, with the added bonus of glow worms and eels. The experience of drifting in total absolute darkness (no lights at all, except the electric blue glow worms), without knowing anything about your location apart from the eerie knowledge that there is a shit load of rock above your head.

Give it a shot; return tickets to New Zealand start from around \$500, backpacking is cheap, leaving you plenty of money to spend on your long-neglected adrenal glands.

—BIANCA NOGRADY



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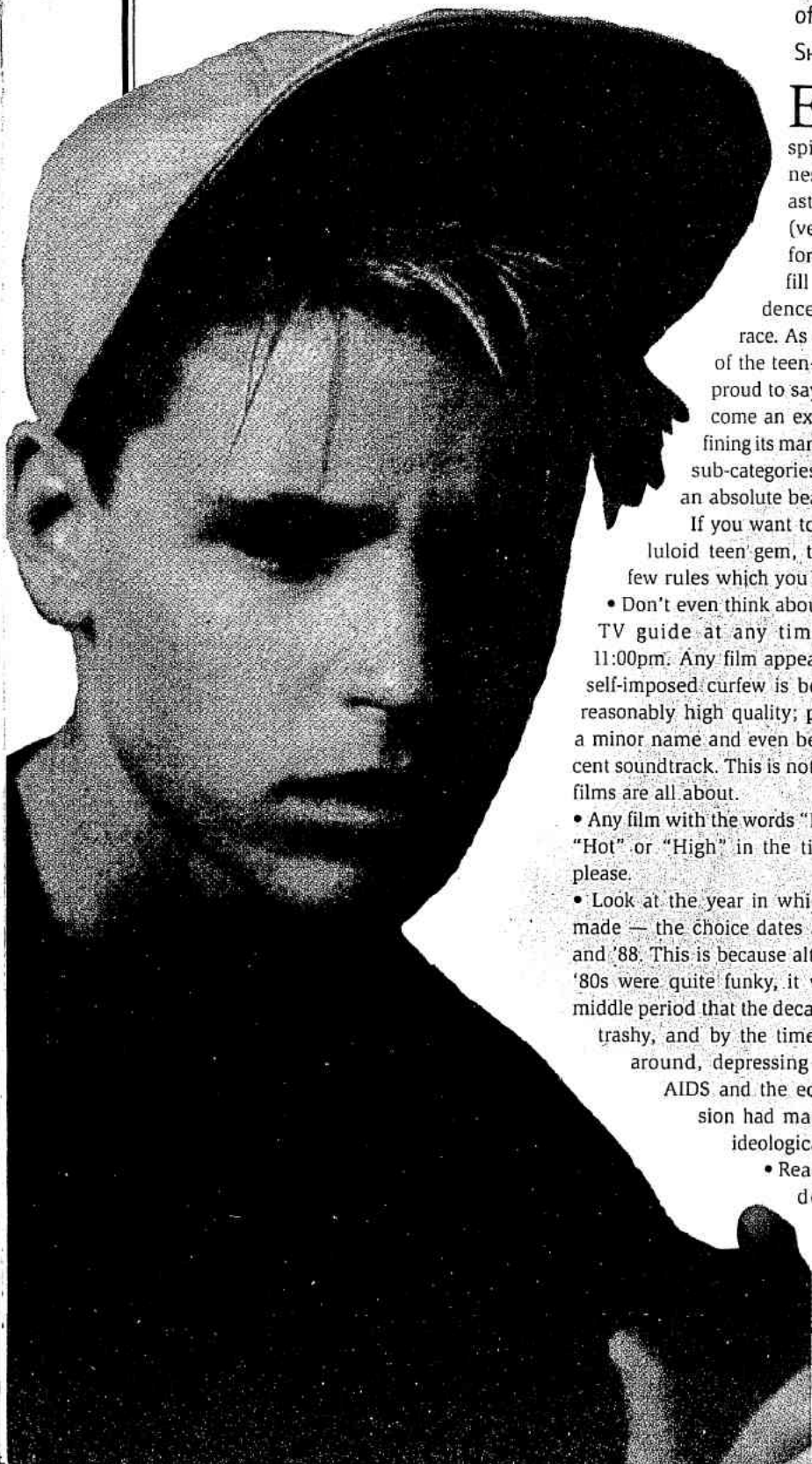


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CULTURE what I need right

the definitive guide to the 80s teen movie

(below) Corey Haim: "As soon as the eighties finished, my career lasted for this long"



John Hughes wasn't the only one making films in the eighties. In fact, there is a whole sub-genre of eighties films just waiting to be explored which re-define the word "classic". So put aside your copies of *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* and throw away your single of "Don't you Forget About Me", as BRENDAN SHANAHAN dissects the anatomy of the real eighties teen film.

Eighties teen-films have inspired me to greatness. The enthusiastic vitality of this (very) low brow art form never fails to fill me with confidence in the human race. As an avid watcher of the teen-film genre I am proud to say that I have become an expert at both defining its many categories and sub-categories, and at picking an absolute beauty.

If you want to find a true celluloid teen gem, then there are a few rules which you must observe:

- Don't even think about looking in the TV guide at any time earlier than 11:00pm. Any film appearing before this self-imposed curfew is bound to be of a reasonably high quality; possibly starring a minor name and even bearing a half-decent soundtrack. This is not what '80s teen-films are all about.
- Any film with the words "Balls", "Dream", "Hot" or "High" in the title is bound to please.
- Look at the year in which the film was made — the choice dates are between '84 and '88. This is because although the early '80s were quite funky, it wasn't until the middle period that the decade became truly trashy, and by the time '89 had rolled around, depressing things such as AIDS and the economic depression had made the teen-film ideologically impossible.
- Read the cast. If you don't recognise any of the

names appearing in the film, then it's probably a good thing. Recognising a name can, however, turn a film into a truly rare gem because current celebrities, such as the cast of *90210* and Alanis Morissette, are constantly popping up.

• and finally, if there is **anyone** in this film by the name of Corey then you **must** watch it.

With these rules in hand, you will be able to make an informed decision in the video store as to which filmic rough diamond sounds the most promising. To fully understand which specific type of teen-film you are dealing with, however, you must be able to grasp the subtleties of genre that divide the art form.

Some teen-films, for instance, attempt a serious discussion of certain teen "issues". These attempts are usually so pathetically lame that they can make quite unintentionally funny viewing. Take, for example, the movie *Cracked Up*. In this film, two college friends go from smoking joints to getting addicted to crack. We always knew that Will was a bit of a tear-away when we saw him smoking half a *very* small joint in his bedroom on a *school night*! As his friend Corey points out, "Hey man, getting ripped on a school night — that's a bad scene man." I'll say! But who would have thought that the son of a Baptist minister had it in him.

Overtly serious films are all very well if you like two-hour episodes of *Degrassi* with characters so atrocious you can't wait for them to ruin their lives on drugs, but a more exciting teen movie is the action flick. The most famous precursor to these type of films was, of course, *Saturday Night Fever*. Its hot dance action, combined with its "realism", made it a landmark film for all similar films that were to arrive in the 80s. The hottest teen action movies tend to be theme based: skatin', surf'n', dancin' or some other suitably teen activity such as driving big cars

(although the general ugliness of the Big Car crew does not leave open many opportunities for a heart-throb character.) The best of these are without doubt the innumerable skate films that were made during the '80s. Most of these movies were obviously made by the kind of kids who always saw everything in terms of ace places to skate. For example:

Skater 1: Oh mate, it'd be so cool if you could, like, skate on Corey's roof.

Skater 2: Yeah! Like, then you could like ollie off his shed and like rail slide down his lawn mower.

Skater 1: Like, yeah — fucken oath!

One of the best teen skate movies is *Thrashin'*: (note the n' abbreviation — another good sign) This film is a modern *Romeo and Juliet* story fought out between two rival skate gangs. It's full of top lines, such as when the leader of "The Daggers" (the evil gang) sees a break dancer in the street doing some shit-hot headspins, "Hey! Breakin's a memory." Exit one break dancer — crushed.

A further category is the teen sex-comedy. This is obviously a favourite of the teen-film aficionado and probably the most common genre. The all-time greatest of these, in my opinion, (but believe me it's hard to pick one) is *Screwballs Hotel*. There was a whole *Screwballs* series, but this is the one that came closest to attaining perfection within the teen / smut category. The reason for its extremely high rating probably stems from the fact that it had every teen element from every teen film — and it moves at a cracking pace.

The plot revolves around a bunch of bell-hops in a posh hotel somewhere in the southern states of the US. These three guys — a nerd, a cool guy and a sex-starved fat bloke (the teen-films' Holy Trinity) — go on a bonking rampage through the building. They realise that they've made a huge

sexual blunder however, when they find out that they've screwed the wife of a mafia boss who is staying in the hotel. Naturally the cool guy gets caught in the act and runs out of the room only to have the mafia guy on his tail for the rest of the film. (It was quite fortunate that when he was caught he was having sex in his boxer shorts and did not have an erection. But this sexual etiquette is standard in all wholesome teen-films.) The whole schmozzle is further complicated however by the fact that the mafia guy has hidden several kilos of angel dust in the hotel. This of course gets lost — thus adding to the intrigue. Throw in an enormous female nymphomaniac in room 117, (you guessed it — her and the fat guy!) and the fact that a "Miss Purity USA" contest is being held in the hotel and you've got a recipe for thick and fast laughs.

The crescendo comes when the "Miss Purity" contestants are on stage and the angel dust, which has ended up in the kitchen, gets knocked into the air conditioning. The beautiful southern Baptist girls, proclaiming their love for the Bible in an effort to impress the judges, start to smell the air and suddenly show their true colours, becoming bona-fide teen-film sluts in the best tradition of the front-fastening bra. In a scene which rivals the "melting bikinis" from *The Bikini Shop* or the shower scene in *Porkies*, Miss Alabama declares "... and my hobbies include reading the Bible... (sniff sniff)... and, and... **Having sex!**" Whipping-off her white lace debutante gown she reveals a front fastening bra straining under the heaving pressure, "This isn't Miss Purity America any more!" she declares, "This is Miss Horny America!" The fifty or so other contestants, agreeing, follow suit, and a semi-nude romp begins — much to the horror of the judges. Did the boys get laid that night? Hey, you do the maths!

The sex-romp teen-film is all very well but the phenomenon of the G-rated teen-film is also worth considering. Classics, such as *BMX Bandits* (an Oz icon), *Goonies* and *Space Camp* are films of seriously high quality. This actually disqualifies them as "true" teen-films in my opinion, but their retro charm is hard to deny. *BMX Bandits* supplied us with classic scenes on a par with contemporary cinemas greatest. Millions of Australian kids dreamt of repeating the famous "bikes down the waterslide" scene. Combine the bike-themed plot (see *Thrashin'*) with the fact that Nicole Kidman makes her debut, and you've got a recipe for pre-teen bandito fun.

The teen-film was a genre that occasionally did in fact reach real levels of quality. Some of the classics are those that Molly Ringwald starred in. Movies like *Pretty in Pink*, *Sixteen Candles* and *The Pick Up Artist* made her the pouty, pubescent sex symbol in an angora sweater that she was to be remembered for, despite appalling attempts to go serious in duds like the "brooding" teen-movie *Wild Horses*.

Of course there were other classics like *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, but you can keep 'em. Just give me *Return To Ski School*, *Dream Boat High* or *Bikini Boat* and I'll give them all the artistic justification they need, watching and enjoying every one.

Case study: "Revenge of the Cheerleaders"

Our random sample from the local video store revealed this particular 80's teen gem: *Revenge of the Cheerleaders*. Applying the *Woroni* criteria, we searched for a movie that was made between 1984 and 1988, with a title containing the words "Balls", "High", "Dream" or "Hot", an unknown cast and (preferably) someone by the name of Corey. We

managed to satisfy all of these criteria except for the last. *Cheerleaders* was made in 1987 and contains two classic indicators of 80's teen greatness in its title: "Revenge", and "Cheerleaders". Even more exciting, however, was the discovery of David Hasselhoff, of *Knightrider* fame, starring in this "hilariously raunchy, and extremely sexy comedy

about the outrageous pranks and sexual practices of Aloha High!!!" Resident *Woroni* teen film expert, Brendan, assures us that *Cheerleaders* is "sincere and louching while still being hilariously pornographic" but that David's performance is "lacking without the prop of a talking car." Recommended

DAVID HASSELHOFF
(Knightrider)

RAINBEAUX SMITH
(The X Rated Adventures of Alice in Wonderland)

\$3
1 WEEK

SEX COMEDY

These girls will do anything for a good time...

REVENGE
OF THE CHEERLEADERS

4 COMEDY

'Porky's' meets 'Animal House' in the school where misbehaviour is the only rule!

ROADSHOW HOME VIDEO

smash hits

movie

The Goonies

The *Goonies* is an amazingly well targeted film. Take a group of pre-pubescent actors, give them a daring and outrageous plan involving the local pirate treasure, add fiendish tricks and traps, and a bunch of gun-wielding psychos (who take orders from their mother), and you've got it made. The kids will come out, see it, and make you rich.

The Goonies is AAA Adventure. Traps ripped off from hundreds of pirate films when they were still new to the audience. That spooky organ that the rich, older, high school sex object (Kerri Green) had to play, (and play well as you will recall) was only one of the interesting devices that the intrepid kids had to use their scooby sense to overcome. Do you remember the range of gadgets that Data (the boy not the android) had stashed around his person? His super suction cups attached to slinkies were my favourite. How many people did that genius save with this one working invention!—And was it just me or did everybody feel that Sean Austin was the precise representation of the struggles in their life? And I didn't even have an older brother to beat me up.

Any film that ends this well has to be a kids film. A film which includes a pirate ship sailing off into the sunset, some time in the mid-1980s, and has the geeky asthmatic hero find the marble bag full of gemstones in his back pocket just as the evil villain is preparing to take away his home away must be at the zenith of it's genre. The only question is, could you actually see it again and survive?

—ADRIAN REGAN

album

The Pixies: *Surfer Rosa*

The Pixies were the Velvet Underground of our generation and for a number of reasons *Surfer Rosa* is without doubt one of the most frighteningly baleful albums ever. *The Rolling Stone Album Guide*, billed as "The record buyers Bible", didn't seem to think that it was all that impressive: "The Pixies are like a late-seventies metal band... no where near as scary as they're supposed to be." Stupid old buggers. *Surfer Rosa's* not an art-house production about try-hard inner-city kids and how tough they are (ala Lou Reed), but a genuinely frightening foray into the depths of the average suburban sprawl, where people like you, me and Martin Bryant live.

Frank Black (or Black Francis as he was known at the time) wrote almost all 13 songs and taught the entire band to play their instruments — after advertising for members in the paper. Perhaps because of the bands musical amateurishness *Surfer Rosa* has a sound that is so minimal and direct that it can be quite disturbing. The riffs have the naivety and harshness of punk but without any of the descent into random rage.

What really gives you the creeps though are Black's lyrics and vocals. Black is a weird guy, his odd exploits are legendary, and his lyrics are full of his favourite fixations, such as UFOs, government conspiracies, bondage and the death obsessions of Hispanic culture. They don't lack a strange sense of poetry however simply because they have no obvious rational explanation, eg. "I was talking to preachy preach about kissy kiss. You buy me a soda and you try to molest me in the parking-lot." — what? Black's "singing"

sounds like a cross between an obscene telephone call, a wounded animal and those big-mouthed martians on *Sesame Street*. "Yep, yep, yep, yep, yep, Aha, Aha."

This makes for some pretty freaky listening, so it's no wonder that every lead-screamer in every fashionable indie band from Seattle to LA would name this as one of their favourites of all-time — as well as every try-hard suburban kid.

—BRENDAN SHANAHAN

book

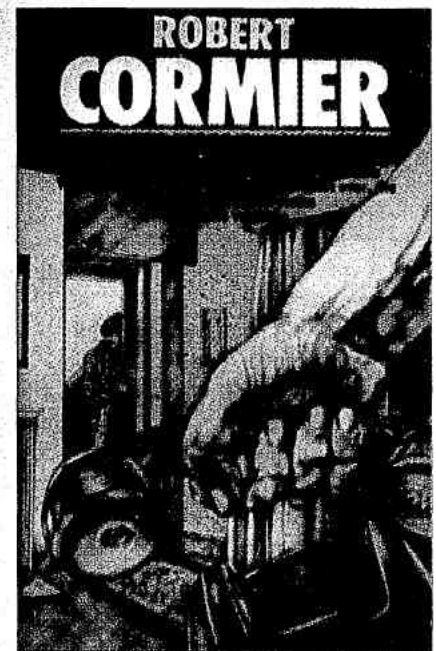
The Chocolate War

Let me tell you about something. A long, long time ago, when I was traversing those cringingly mediocre and syphillitic days of high school, I came across this absolute Godsend of an author named Robert Cormier. Many other people came across him at about the same time of their lives, making him one of the most popular writers for teenagers. Even if you've never heard of him, most people will have heard of at least one or two of his novels: there was *I am the Cheese*, *The Bumblebee Flies Anyway*, *After the First Death*, *Fade*, and of course *The Chocolate War* and *Beyond the Chocolate War*. These last two are the most famous: they're set in Trinity Catholic boys' school, and tell the story of Archie Costello, who runs the organization of the Vigils, and controls and psychologically terrorises the school from within. Sounds a bit dumb, but trust me: they're not. In fact, they were fucking brilliant. Cormier's theme was adolescence and the tribulations that are associated with it, but the picture he painted was so uncompromisingly bleak that it made *Lord of the Flies* look like a lithium-induced visit to Happy Land. I mean, forget the

Smiths, forget Robert Smith; throw away that *Another Brick in the Wall* crap — Cormier was about five years ahead and ten times as intelligent.

When I was younger these books represented a weight off my then non-existent shoulders. I mean, call me a depressing negative arsehole, but by year eight I had just about had it up to my colour-coded neck with stories that read like an episode *The Wonder Years*. *The Chocolate War* and its companions were a breath of fresh air, because, quite frankly, people got completely screwed in Cormier's novels, and I thought it was great. They made my problems look like a walk in the proverbial park. Having re-read them recently, I remain very impressed: they're stunningly written for 'teenage' novels, even if they are a bit desolate. But don't let that put you off: *The Chocolate War* and its companions are worth searching out no matter what age you are.

—TR



(above) Chocolate and little boys in *The Chocolate War*

tv show

The A-Team

Do you remember the days in the old school yard? I remember fights over who was who. The leader of the gang was Hannibal, I got to be Mad-Dog, the big kid who wedged little kids was BA and the kid who was hitting puberty way too soon was Face.

Mad-Dog was my favourite character. The episode I remember best was the one where his innovation was pushed to the limit. He had been locked up for some reason, and was known to the guards as a bit odd. Every hour or so he'd start screaming, "Gimme a garbage bag! Gimme a garbage bag!" and he'd scream until one of those sad turkeys gave him one. Those hammerhead guards, they just gave them to him, they kept handing them out, they made the mistake of underestimating the powers of invention of Mad-Dog Murdoch, and boy would they regret it. What was he building? What was the mad genius up to? The creativity still blows me away: he was building, as an escape route for he and Hannibal, a hot-air balloon! Yes! — MacGyver eat your heart out, you'd never think of that one, you big showpony.

Usually American shows aimed at the white middle-classes will feature a token

black man to keep those demographics satisfied. *The A-Team* transcended this cynicism by bringing in one that stole the show. "Mr T" or BA Barakuss was the muscle and the attitude of the show. He was so tough he could beat up the baddies with twelve kilos of jewellery around his neck; although if you take the gold and swap it for hair, you've got a fat black guy who could say "What cho talking about Willis?" with perfection.

Mad-Dog and BA aside, Face being memorable only because he was so forgettable, and Hannibal just a cigar with a grand plan, we mustn't forget the real star of the show: the van. Black with a red racing stripe and as functional as goon, Van was cooler in its brooding silence than Michael's over-rated KITT could ever try to talk itself up to be. When Mad-Dog was escaping from his fifteenth loony bin, it was Van that would be there to pick him up. It was Van that would collect BA from his latest scene of non-bloody carnage, and when Face was sulking about being so non-confrontational, a ride in Van would make him feel tough again. Hannibal realised the power of Van; in it he had an object of love, and someone to confide in about the pressures of being the leader of a stir crazy bunch of extremist cliches.

Van united all in *The A-Team* by showing just how loyal each member should be.

But as hard as Van tried, rifts inevitably arose, and they tend to do when geniuses work so closely. *The A-Team* disbanded after Murdoch's jealousy finally prompted him to bite off Face's nose. BA's side projects interfered, and Uncle Tom actually took over his mind, an internal struggle we previewed weekly. Hannibal now works for Infomall Florida selling a breakthrough exercise substitute that firms *and* tones, and is a fully qualified Fitness Advocate.

Van's career however is set to explode following its facelift and bit part in the Schwarzenegger block-buster, *Eraser*, followed by a major role in *Ransom* where it dressed down with the hard-arsed elegance Van is now famous for. Look out for its part as the Bat-Van in *Batman IV*, and as a symbol of humility in Jane Campion's next film. As the scripts and offers roll in, Van is finally getting the recognition it always deserved, and not a moment too soon. I can't understand why no one wanted to be Van back in grade three — we must have been so blind.

—JULIAN HENDERSON

(left) Mr T reinvented the mohawk and chunky jewellery in *The A-Team*

reviews

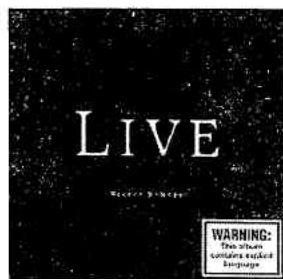
music

★★

SECRET SAMADHI

Live

Radioactive Records



I first discovered Live after seeing the video clip for "Lightning Crashes", a song from their second album, *Throwing Copper*. I was excited by their lack of inhibition when adding acoustic guitars to a hard-edged electric guitar based sound—the lyric style seemed more like that of folk than rock. With a musical style often compared to that of Pearl Jam and the vocals of Edward Kowalczyk compared to REM's Michael Stipe, Live set about finding their own niche in musical style. They had great potential, but I have been disappointed by *Secret Samadhi*. All that potential seems to have been thrown away in favour of a more acceptable grunge sound, drowning any deeper meaning or craftsmanship in the process. Edward Kowalczyk's lyrics are often filled with poignant messages, but these are becoming increasingly less clear. Unlike the brilliant second album, *Secret Samadhi* holds no candles up to life's moving lessons. Instead, we are inundated with the stereotypical grunge band teenage angst.

With pressure to match the popularity of a hit single, a band is often forced to dilute their creativity in order to pay the bills. This seems to be the case for Live. Maybe this is what is meant by the line from the first single from the album, "Lakini's Juice", "...slow down, we're too afraid...". The promise of Edward Kowalczyk being hailed as the next great lyricist has been betrayed by mundane subject matter, and with the over-eagerness to make the listener think harder, the lyrics have become too cryptic for the message to get through. The point gets lost entirely. Maybe the secret of Live's newest album was never meant to be discovered.

—MARK-LEON THORNE

bonus giveaway

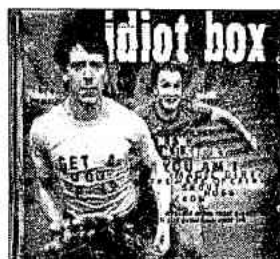
Woroni has 20 copies of the new Live CD *Secret Samadhi* to give away. Just come into the office and sing any Live song to your friendly Woroni team to WIN! WIN! WIN!

★★★

IDIOT BOX SOUNDTRACK

Various

rooArt Records



Seeing as the venerable Tim Rogers is credited with the concept of this soundtrack, it seems appropriate to quote him at this juncture. He once described his music as "raggedy-assed backwards-forwards rock'n'roll", and this is exactly what you can expect on the *Idiot Box* soundtrack. While it's not an album of great light and shade, it's clearly not trying that hard to be one either. The songs have an immediate, raw, punkish impact, but there is also something timeless and beautifully Australian about them.

You Am I's instrumental theme music is the music I would play if I ever robbed a bank, with great basslines from Mr. Andy Kent, and while there is dialogue from the movie in between songs, it is (thankfully) used sparingly, and seems to fit in perfectly. This is an album full of pleasant rock surprises: Adalita and Magic Dirt tearing into "My Pal"; Snout's "Penicillin" and You Am I's "Cats and Dogs" putting a wry grin on your face and a swagger in your step; the tender (yet still tense) moments provided by Crow and the Rogers-penned "Gasoline for two"; even The Mark of Cain's version of "Degenerate Boy", which had annoyed the hell out of me on the radio, suddenly makes perfect sense in this context.

But maybe the songs that fit the best are You Am I's gloriously angry cover of "Television Addict", and the tracks by Hoss—they are hard, silly, bluesy and sad all at once. It's all somehow comforting—the music seems to say that though things may seem impossibly fucked at times, life goes on. This is an album about the Australian rock tradition, an album for boys and girls everywhere who like to play air guitar.

—PAUL H.

★★★★★

U2

POP

Island Records



In the exponentially multiplying confusion of western culture, a few objects, people and places transcend the muddled cultural mass to become recognisable and symbolic icons. Understood by many as a tribute to all things kitsch, the latest studio album from U2 can be better understood as an attempt

to trawl the wonderfully deep waters of modern iconography. *Pop* is a tribute to the icons of modern culture, composed and performed by a band who themselves have long enjoyed such iconic status.

This is an album littered with cultural references—single word names that evoke complex associations in the brains of pop culture junkies. On "The Playboy Mansion," Bono begs the question; If Coke is a mystery/ and Michael Jackson... history/ If OJ is more than a drink/ and a Big Mac bigger than you think/ If perfume is an Obsession/ and talk shows... confession/ What am I to do? Track eight, "Miami," takes a tour through the recognisable conceits of the Hollywood blockbuster, posing the question that dogged the many millions who saw Tarrantino's *Pulp Fiction*: What's he got inside the case/ I want a closeup of that face/ here comes the car chase. "Wake Up Dead Man" closes this collection of songs with recognition of the fact that in a world of mass culture it is easy for an individual to get hopelessly lost: Jesus, Jesus help me/ I'm alone in this world/ and a fucked up world it is too.

U2 may not have been making music for a couple of years but they have certainly been listening to it. The brilliance of this album lies in its ability to sound totally new and fresh and yet also be unmistakably U2. *Pop* is a revelation, an album of lyrical, musical and conceptual excellence which amply rewards the loyalty of long time fans.

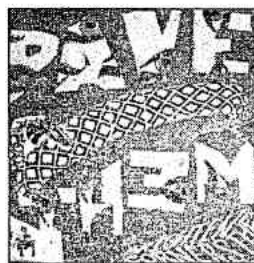
—DAN SILKSTONE

★★★★★

BRIGHTEN THE CORNERS

Pavement

Fellaheen Records



As anyone who read this section last month will realise, there was a rather large preponderance of four and five star ratings; the new Pavement album, *Brighten the Corners*, will unfortunately not go a long way in correcting this. The band's last effort, the scatter-gun album *Wowee Zowee*, was only partially successful because it lacked direction and relied too heavily on "kooky" sounds and other musical gimmickry. The new album is a far more self-effacing, considered and unified effort that improves with repeated listening.

Such a simple album will come as a shock to those who know Pavement's previous work which was becoming progressively crazier. Rather than a future of Zappa-inspired weirdness that *Wowee Zowee* promised (The title was taken from a Zappa song), it seems that Pavement have rediscovered the pure pleasures of the great American pop / rock band. References are all-important in Pavement albums and the sounds on this album recall the classic American "B Bands" (so-called because their names mostly began with B). "Date With Ikea" has opening chords that are clearly lifted from The Byrds,

and the Beach Boys, Big Star and Neil Young are echoed throughout the entire album.

The lyrics on this album are still as esoteric as always, but of course not without poetry. When they get annoying however is when Steve Malkamus expects us to accept lines like "One of us is a cigar stand, and one of us is a lovely blue, incandescent guilotine." But lyrics are forgivable.

This album represents an interesting departure for Pavement as they have successfully blended softer, more harmonious sounds with their previous abstract structures, delivering deceptively simple pop songs that are in the best tradition of American popular music.

—BRENDAN SHANAHAN

★★★★★

HOPELESS RECORDS SAMPLER

Various

Hopeless USA



Guttermouth, 88 Fingers Louie, Digger, Falling Sickness, Funeral Oration, White Kaps, Schlong, Nobodys and The Bollweevils. The big names of punk? No, just a stable of punk stallions from Colorado based Hopeless Records.

Punk subverts the sound and ideas of the mainstream British bands and U.S middle class college rock of the mid 60's. It takes the catchy melodic forms of the time, and then sets the drummer the arduous task of doubling their speed. Usually starting with about four basic chords crammed into the first bar, and ending with a dead stop, punk rarely employs the fade out. With their fast pace and less than epic themes such as "She's Getting Sick of Me" punk songs are usually short. Layer a little feedback and a few powerslides to the sardonic (preferably understandable) whine, and the result is the perfect punk song.

Hopeless Records have achieved this momentarily easy feat. Although their sample CD holds some absolute shit, there are some punk diamonds in the rough as well. 88 Fingers Louie I was unable to understand, and the same with Falling Sickness. I blame the producers. I want to hear these intelligent young men speak. Unfortunately I could hear what Funeral Oration were saying. They are from Europe and were therefore far too serious. Able to capture more of the black comedy of punk were Digger with the brilliant "I Want My Hat Back": "I don't want to be your friend/ You don't seem to understand that/ How can you look me in the face/ When you know you've got my hat."

I love this brand of punk. Seemingly simplistic, catchy and apolitical, it is often simplistic, catchy and apolitical. Here however Digger has dug deeper. The hat they sing of is a metaphor for the fragile trust and loyalty placed by the singer in his girlfriend. No doubt she resembles the bands self confessed idol, Paula Abdul.

—REPO MAN

books

★★★★

FIGHT CLUB

Chuck Palahniuk

Random House

rrp \$14.95

Think of Irvine Walsh of *Trainspotting* fame. The drug thing is getting a bit tired now, and all that's left after that is a bit of social commentary and a Scottish accent. Its getting hard to shock people too, though he does try hard. But now, with perfect timing, along comes Chuck. Chuck, from the other side of the ocean, with his hard, black humour and his twisted philosophical edge. Forget Irvine, wrap him up in your Kurt Cobain T-shirt, and burn them both, because this guy's name is **Chuck!** and he can write like a sonofabitch. And his debut novel is dangerous. Delivered with a dark compelling charm it's about as positively nihilistic as you can get. In the wrong hands this novel will do scary and curious things to society.

The insomniac narrator, Tyler, is getting bored with his life of Swedish furniture, clever art and dodgy insurance reports. He's reached a point where going to cancer support groups is the only thing that makes him feel alive. His dissatisfaction with his life leads to his teaming up with a somewhat twisted proectionist with too much spare time — enough spare time to splice porn frames into Disney movies.

The story is about Tyler: he starts a club where men beat each other up, Fight Club, and people start pleading to join. This self destructive attitude turns itself around as Tyler's idea gains the momentum of a cult. A cult where all men are involved because it makes them feel they can take on the world, and with a leader charismatic enough to make them as disciplined as Buckingham guards and as sane as one of Manson's troop, they will do just that. With so much self destruction to be had, the focus inevitably turns to bigger things, like society, and eventually history. It may sound implausible, but Chuck is in control and he's talented enough to get this idea breathing.

The idea of violence as cathartic, and what those completely purged are capable of, isn't particularly new, but it is executed in a manner that creates unease whilst at the same time inviting you to join the club, such is its coercive brutality.

Chuck writes with a voice that is strong and new and young, one that overwhelms Irvine and Ellis and all our Aussie grunge

strap-ons. Chuck must be recognised as the new democratically elected leader of the kids, even if he does push violence instead of drugs.

—JULIAN HENDERSON

★★★★

FUGITIVE PIECES

Anne Michaels

Allen & Unwin



Anne Michaels does for peat what Graham Swift once did for silt — her story breathes with dank dark hiding, with buried villages and children rising from the mud like Tollund man come to life. *Fugitive Pieces* is a holocaust story with a difference, spanning continents and generations, interrogating the constructed history of war. With pain, sensitivity, and prose that makes you laugh with delight, Michaels looks at the lives of fugitive Jews from two generations. The novel asks what it means to lose a home, a family, and any faith in your own identity.

From Poland to Greece to Canada, Michaels captures land and language, and circles them round with a delicate shifting web of history, geology and art. The interweaving stories in this novel are full of loss and memory, hope and redemption. For every character seen, there are a

hundred ghosts in the background; a woman who hid from Nazis in a wardrobe, standing unmoving for a year until her legs burst; Jews drowned off the coast of Crete; Jews shot in empty streets.

This is a novel that I could not put down, one of those ones that I kept wanting to read aloud to other people, a novel which choked me up and which I missed as soon as I finished. Do not miss *Fugitive Pieces*. Anne Michaels is another one of Canada's finest.

—PENELOPE SACHER

films

★★★★

JERRY MAGUIRE

Directed by Cameron Crowe

Greater Union

Rated M

I wasn't expecting too much from this film as I went in. I mean, I've got nothing against Hollywood romantic comedies as a

rule, but generally, you've got to admit, they're fairly formulaic pieces of fluff. Great if you're in the mood, but hardly life-shattering pieces of cinema, with or without Tom Cruise.

For all this, I was pleasantly surprised by *Jerry Maguire*. Cruise is thoroughly appealing as the fast-talking sports agent who knows 'all the right moves' but faces a moral crisis and gets dropped from his nasty company after daring to suggest that they voluntarily lower their profits and adopt a more caring attitude towards their clients. With his seemingly innate winning streak abruptly cancelled, Cruise finds that when you've lost the edge, nobody wants to know you: he is left friendless, fiance-less and with only one client, the monstrously ego-driven Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding Jr). The film follows Cruise as he attempts to rebuild his (and Tidwell's) career, trying to stick to his new found principles, and build a relationship with Dorothy (Renée Zellweger), the only person prepared to stand by him when he takes his fall.

Sound cliched? Well it is a bit, but not nearly as much as you'd imagine. The story of Jerry's fall and rise is told with a considerable sensitivity that wins you over almost from the very start. The characters are appealing and believable — except for Dorothy's son, who is just a little *too* cute to be an average kid — and the film succeeds in avoiding blatant stereotypes while retaining an "I know someone *just like that*" accessibility. In particular the characters of Dorothy and Jerry, whilst being about a thousand times more attractive than any people that I know, have an on-screen presence that results in a real viewer empathy. Normally in these sort of films, as hard as I try, there's a nagging, cynical, horrid part of me that wants something really horrible to happen — 'Look out for that maniac with a pickaxe, Fawrrest' cries Jenny. Forrest turns; "Lahf is lahk a bawx of AAARGH" etc — but this time, unusually, I found myself really *liking* these characters and wanting everything to work out for them.

Credit for this must go to writer/director Cameron Crowe who has a habit, as in his earlier film, *Singles*, of subtly gaining sympathy for his characters without turning the viewer off by forcing saccharine-soaked sincerity down their throats. In *Jerry Maguire* he takes all the traditional elements of a feelgood flick but twists them just enough to make it memorable and even quite (*sob*) moving. The script is intelligent and there are some great performances (check out Kelly Preston's opening scene), and the result is a funny, gentle, and quite human film. I know, I know — it sounds a bit puke-worthy — but *Jerry Maguire* somehow gets away with it. Recommended.

—TR

★★★★

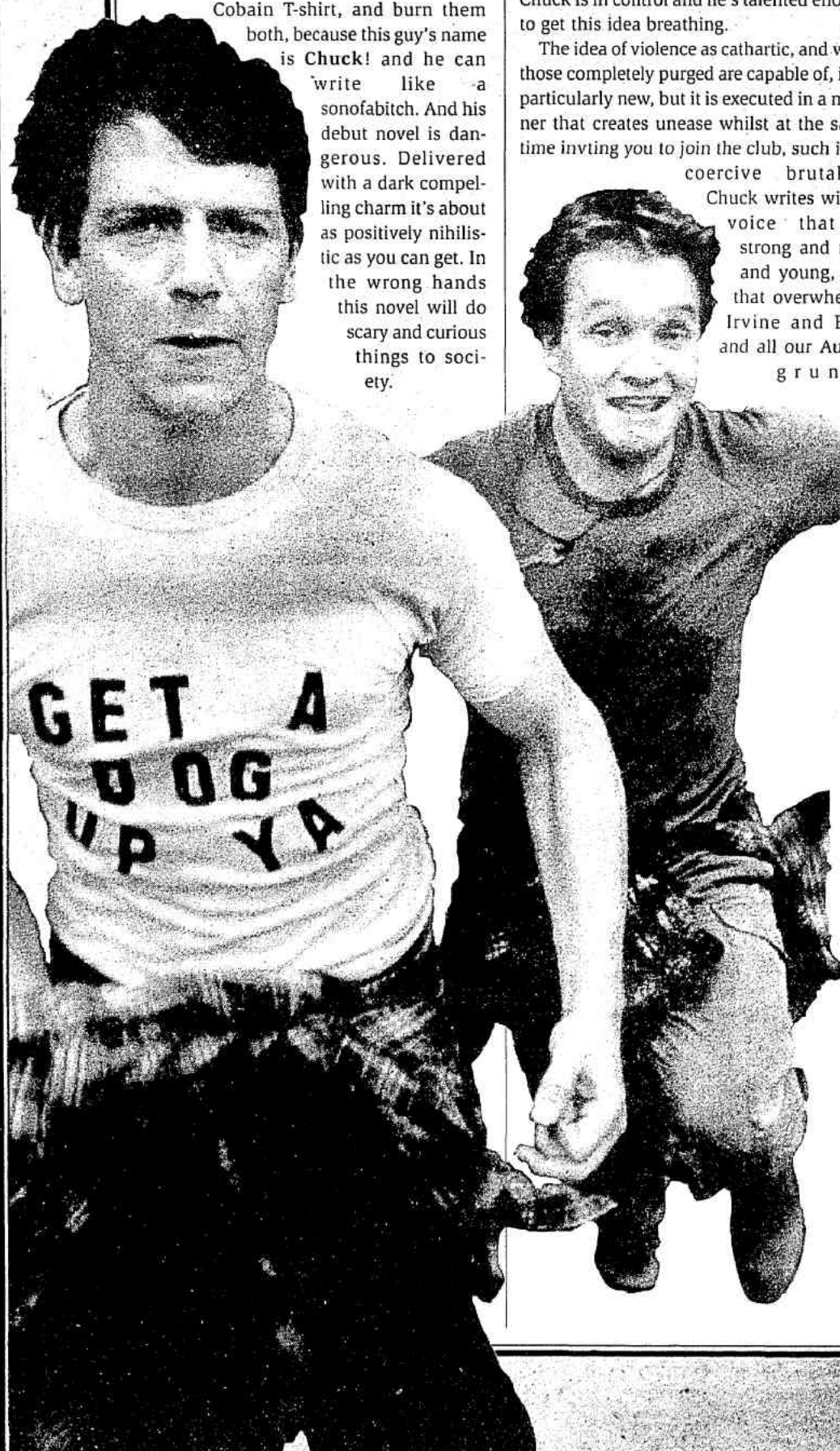
THE ENGLISH PATIENT

Directed by Anthony Minghella

Greater Union

Rated M

How many adjectives are there for love? That's how many facets there are to the story of *The English Patient*. A period



piece of timeless value, the film's narrative plots the fragmented lives of four souls damaged by the effects of World War II.

Anthony Minghella's previous film, *Truly, Madly, Deeply*, was the tale of a woman who was literally in love with a ghost. In this adaptation of Michael Ondaatje's Booker Prize winning novel all the characters are haunted by the memories of lives lost to a futile and destructive war. They are all, as one character describes it, 'in love with ghosts'. Most fervent is the love of the 'English' patient for Katherine, a married woman with whom he had an affair in pre-war Cairo. It is the reminiscence of this romance which serves as the anchor for the film's shifting narrative.

As the two lovers, Ralph Fiennes and Kristin Scott Thomas are radiant. The spontaneity and intimacy between them is such that even a scene as mundane as a stroll through the Cairo marketplace is charged with eroticism. Minghella's casting decisions are at the crux of the film's success. The performances are perfectly harmonised within an intimate ensemble of carefully and lovingly constructed characterizations. The performance of Scott Thomas, who was until now best known for her role as the wall-flower in *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, is a revelation.

Most striking though is the cinematography of Australian John Seale. His glorious images succeed in transporting us straight to the centre of a scene's physical and emotional setting. Colour is used to effectively juxtapose the interchanging stories, and ingenious slow dissolves are used to connect the lives-of the living and the dead. Seale films the romantic leads in such a way that they and their love affair become personifications of the desert which they inhabit. The cleverness and beauty of the film's opening images had me gasping.

The English Patient leads this year's field of Academy Award nominations with an impressive twelve. This is the result not so much of an inherent greatness in the film, but because its themes and ambitions are those traditionally respected and revered by the Academy. It is, however, a most engaging film which, when it ends, leaves one with the desire to inhabit the lives of its characters some more.

—MICHELLE COOPER

bizarre cd of the month

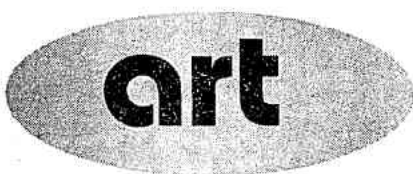
Native Tongue
Various Artists
Loudspeaker

Take Paul McDermott reciting twisted love poetry over tough drums, twist that up with dark Tim Finn murmuring T.S. Eliot in an ambient drift, and you have the concept behind *Native Tongue*. This is a bizarre CD, doing things that, you know, really shouldn't be done. But for some reason, it almost works, from the funky opening song through to the final wind-down.

Native Tongue is long, wierd and not bad. If you want the people in the record store to think you're quirky, go for it.



(above) Ralph Fiennes is deeply attractive in *The English Patient*



PERMANENT COLLECTION National Gallery

Rather than review a specific exhibition for this section I have decided instead to have a close look at the recent re-hanging of the National Gallery's permanent collection in the international contemporary art gallery.

In the recent hang the emphasis seems to be on varieties of post-abstract expressionist abstraction, and as always the Gallery has unearthed some choice pieces from their vaults. Many of the artists represented fashioned what the average viewer might consider as the archetypal art of late-modernism. Thus the importance of reviewing the permanent collection becomes apparent because one must always ask oneself "To what degree did galleries like the one I am in, form my expectations of what 'modern art' ought to look like?"

Some stand-out works in this hang include Ellsworth Kelly's "Orange White" and Bridget Riley's "Gamelan", both of which rely on over-powering optical effects to entrance the viewer. Kelly's giant orange lozenge seems to bend the canvas and Rileys thin and thick stripes oscillate in a rhythm that can be either reassuring in its repetition or disturbing in its lack of stability.

The Japanese artist Shasaku Arakawa makes an interesting appearance. Interesting because his works are not purely abstract; they contain writing and drawings that seem to resemble mechanical parts. They are not descriptive however and thus seem to qualify as abstract to some degree. "Tubes" from 1965 is a better painting than its somewhat muddled companion "Out of Distance/Out of Texture", but they are both intelligent, contemplative works. Park Young-Ha's '92 painting "Thou to be Seen Tomorrow" has a rough muscularity which is tempered by the lightness of touch evident in the technique and the diamond dust in the paint that makes the whole thing dazzle —literally.

David Smith's inclusion seems to stretch the definition of contemporary as "25 Planes" was made in 1958. But Sean Scully's

Brendan Shanahan and Paul Harris have both been given a copy of the new, self-titled Blur album. What were the two enfant terribles of the world of student reviews to make of the new offering? Sit back, strap on your seat-belts and watch the sparks fly when they go...

HEAD 2 HEAD

What do you get if you wrap a big cow poo in swanky packaging, post-modern irony, a million covers of *Time Out* and pale, skinny art-school wankers? The answer is of course the new album by Blur.

I won't pretend that I ever thought that Blur were worth much, but I am so pleased that this new album has come along to vindicate my stance on Brit pop — ie. that it's dead. If you could imagine Damon and the other boys sitting around saying "Man, our post-modern pop is being mistaken as real pop. What about if we do one of those zany albums that those new-fangled American boys are producing? You know, really kooky..." then you might be getting the idea.

This album ranges from appalling attempts to "rock out", such as "Song 2" which comes complete with Damon's raw animal cries of "wooo hooo" (just don't stop 'till you get enough son), to B-Grade Beck rip-offs like "Country Sad Ballad Man", to just the stunningly bad that seem to defy categorisation. In this last class we find "You're so Great", which sounds like a Bowie demo tape with some of the most appalling vocals on any recording of the 90s, and "Chinese Bombs" which is one of the most horrendously amateurish attempts to sound amateurish that I've ever heard. If these guys played that at a campus band comp they'd be lucky to get a gig at Canberra Uni's toga party the next week. And if you can sit through *Look Inside America*, which has possibly every bit of cliched rock history in one song, without coming close to tears, then you're stronger than I.

Blur's formula so far has been to dress up ordinary pop songs that were mostly ripped off Bowie, Roxy Music, Ultravox etc, in a cloak of "irony" which apparently saved them from being labelled as the sheisters they are. The only thing that I can be grateful to them for with this album is that at least it shows how truly incapable they really are.

—BRENDAN SHANAHAN

large painting "Big Land", with its silvery Valasque-like colours and harsh stripes, proves that the kind of rugged tough-guy abstraction that was Smith's forte hasn't entirely left us.

The two worst paintings are definitely Agnes Martin's unspeakably dull "Untitled III" and Jules Olitski's vapid "Prince Putsy's Command". You'd be much better off ignoring these two and going straight to Morris Louis' exquisite "Daylet Zayin". It's beautiful arabesques of wafer-thin paint curve down the surface of the canvas like the dance of the seven veils; showing why Louis is one of the more underrated artists



I loved *Parklife*, but, to be honest, I thought *The Great Escape* was a bit of a let down. I thought they had overdone it a wee bit with all those Country House caricatures. Who would have thought that rhyming Balzac with prozac could have sounded so stupid?!? Anyway, imagine my joy when I heard the new Blur album — Damon and chums have struck back with a reassuringly wierd, dark, complex and, to put it simply, good pop album.

The answer seems to lie in Blur cutting down on all those recreational drugs, taking a good long look in the mirror, and turning their collective back on the Blur vs. Oasis war by moving to Iceland to record. The result is fourteen fantastic, complex, personal songs. In a manner similar to fellow alternarock heroes dEus and, dare I make the comparison, Pavement, Blur manage to cover a huge, eclectic range of topics, styles and sounds on one album.

From the whacked, frail, countryfied acoustic pop of "You're so great" to the spiky, punky "Chinese Bombs" to moody, clunky organ soloing and scratchy loops and blips, this is as diverse an album as Blur have recorded. If you can imagine all this filtered through Bowie and the Beatles, as on "I'm just a killer for your love" which a friend of mine would rightly describe as "quite a highlight", you're starting to get it.

This is the sound of suddenly feeling old and tired, and realizing that you still don't really have a clue as to how the world and relationships work. This is Blur being honest, both thematically and musically, instead of hiding behind cartoon characters. In the process of working out their problems, they've written some wonderful songs.

—PAUL H.

of his post-abstract expressionist contemporaries.

In the middle of all this is, of course, is Anselm Keifer's "Twilight of the West". This painting's role in formulating National Gallery exhibition policy has become as interesting as its role as an aesthetic object. The National Gallery refuses to take this painting down, no matter how completely out of kilter it is with its surroundings, ostensibly because it's too big, but really because it's just too popular — oh well, galleries have to entertain as well as educate.

—BRENDAN SHANAHAN

LICK IT UP



Our Richard Marx in V is for Victory part 2

In his haste to get rid of Wa-Wa-Nee, Richard had forgotten to make the entrance he had intended, which was to take a run-up in the wings and slide to the centre of the stage on his knees, holding his guitar aloft.

"I'll be back in a minute," he told the crowd, and swaggered to the side of the stage to execute his plan. He took a good run-up, fell to his knees when he hit the stage, and slid straight across to the opposite side. When he opened his eyes and jumped up ready to blow the audience's minds, he found he was staring at a black wall. He sheepishly edged onto the stage again and tried to salvage his entrance, although the teenage fans holding up pieces of paper with "I love you, Richard" misspelled on them with green texta, accepted all this as par for the course.

He turned his back to them, the mystery having the added advantage of allowing the audience a good long geezer at his sculpted seat cushions. He struck a chord, tossing his moussed mane. The backing band chimed in: He struck another chord, then jumped around screaming "Waaaaaaah!" in what he considered an in-er-face way. His eyes were squeezed shut with the effort, and when he opened them he was again greeted with an unexpected sight: the back of the stage. He had been a little too enthusiastic.

He proceeded to perform his little heart out, at one stage actually taking the whole microphone into his mouth during a romantic number. He played his flyin' V in a variety of ways: behind the head, between the knees, up his nose, even down the front of his pants. Of course, these feats had to be covered up by Richard's other guitarist because they didn't actually sound any good. The teenyboppers wept and sweated, and sung along at the top of their lungs until Richie kindly requested that they didn't because he couldn't hear his own voice.

Richard positively basked in the adulation, until he spied with his little eye something beginning with 'S'. Richard couldn't spell very well. It was Psuedo Echo.

He glanced at his watch. He had been playing for half an hour longer than he was

supposed to. Richard rushed over to them, still playing, and threatened them with his guitar.

"See these prongs?" he whispered, unfortunately still with the microphone in his mouth, "I've sharpened them with my pocket knife. I suggest you leave." They responded in the way they thought was expected: they laughed. This incensed Richard and he charged at them.

Now, this was a decade in which V-shaped guitars were not considered embarrassing and Richard was not the only rock star in possession of one. What would become known as "The Battle of the Vs" followed. Richard's triumph was secured when he was dealt a nasty blow in the hair-do, as the fury he experienced at receiving a dent in the hair gave him the strength of six Led Zeppelins. He tore into the Echos, distributing injuries wherever he aimed, which was frequently where the sun don't shine.

Richard was consequently arrested, but when police saw who he was, they went all gooey-eyed and sent him on his way after receiving a few autographs on the backs of their notebooks. Marxie remembered the elation he had felt after such appropriate rock star behaviour, and the hope that *Rolling Stone* would again mention him, this time with a three page spread, peppered with steamy piccies.

Richard sat back in the leopard skin recliner, put up his feet on the zebra skin footrest, and tenderly caressed his Flyin' V.

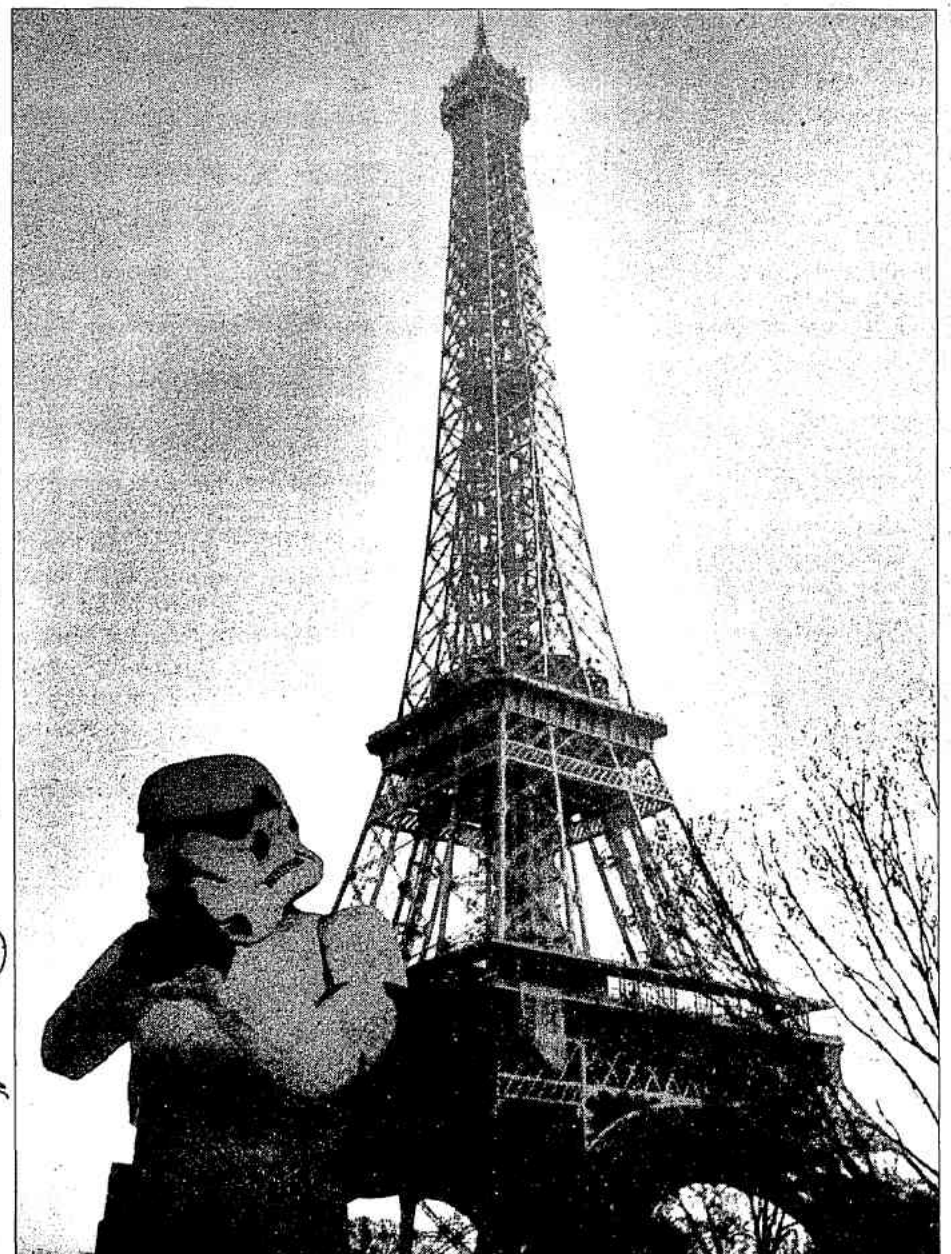
"Yes, we've had some good times together, you and me," Richard whispered to the instrument, patting it gently on the neck.

Then, in true rock musician fashion, he began to bash out a few rudimentary chords. "Yeah we beat the crap out of Pseudo echo, charmed the parts off that policeman fellow," he sang at the top of his lungs.

After a few alterations to the lyrics and music by some musician friends of his manager, Richard released his new single, which shot straight to number one position on the charts. Richard knew he would rock n' roll forever.

—SARAH HUTCHINGS

The life and times of greg the rabbit (club-surprise) (or, fag-scare)



The Pain That Drove Me To Rock

I was reading a story on Radiohead in *Rolling Stone* the other day, where the singer detailed the tormented, lonely childhood that is now paying off big time, giving him the fuel for an endless series of self pitying numbers and fodder for a great many self indulgent interviews. Just as you need a licence to drive, so to do you need a tormented and lonely childhood to be a frontman. Everybody is looking for that intangible something that has made the star what he is today. In most cases the star himself is more than happy to relate any number of trumped up reasons as to why he was driven to become the suffering, tortured artist that he so obviously is. The money, the fame, the women — he didn't want any of this! He despises it! Everybody wants a piece of him. He's an artist, for God's sake, not a commodity! He has a pain, and nobody will ever understand it.

I'm like that too. I have a pain, a desperate, ugly past that has driven me to become the fertile font of artistic expression that I am today. I have pain, and that pain drove me to rock.

The problem is my name; Andrew Cox. The surname sounds like the plural of a colloquial term for the male sex organ. At school they had a field day with me. "Andrew sucks Cox", the cruelest ones would laugh. "Hey sucks, show us your cocks". Those kids scarred me deeply. Short of walking into a Post Office and blowing six or seven people away with a high powered rifle, I wasn't sure

how to handle the bruising my fragile psyche was copping. I became withdrawn and distant.

Somewhere out there that Radiohead dude was being just as withdrawn and distant. Why, why didn't we get a band together? It could have been called Radiocox or Coxhead. How about Cockheads? Yeah, Cockheads. It could have been something special.

Anyway, I got myself an acoustic guitar and retreated to my bedroom. No song was allowed to be under 10 minutes or have more than three chord changes. I sang mainly about pain, a little bit about depression, but mostly about pain. "Pain", I sang. "Oh why do you take my name in vain?/Oh God I'm out of luck/Why do the kids call me sucks?"

I guess I really wanted to be a singer songwriter in the early 70s James Taylor/Don McLean style but the late 80s found this particular form of expression seriously out of style. It would have to be a band or nothing at all. Fortunately it was the era of Morrissey and The Smiths. My sort of post adolescent, wallow in your own self pitying mire music was deeply in vogue.

Now I'm a big star but you don't escape your past. Some nights, lost in the glare of the stage lights, immersed in the glorious cacophony of the music it all comes back to me. I stand, dripping with sweat and triumphant, at one with the crowd yet somehow apart, an otherness. A surge of ecstatic faces strains towards me. I'm seeing everything in slow-motion now. Hands, at first drawn

slowly apart, now quicken, coming together with a terrible inevitability. Applause. Each slap of palm on palm speaking to me like a voice. Each single clap from each distinct pair of hands comes to me, not in unison but one after another so as to ensure I hear each one in it's turn. Each one a voice. "Sucks, sucks, sucks", go the hands in unison. "Sucks, sucks, sucks", they say. "Sucks! Andrew sucks Cox".

I'm on my back on the school oval looking up at the circle of smirking faces above me. Sucks, sucks, sucks they taunt. The pain! The horror! That Redgum dude hears the Channel Seven chopper in his sleep. I just hear schoolkids' and applause. I can't differentiate any longer. Schoolchildren around the flag signing the national anthem on a Monday morning. A pub full of boozed up punters. It's all closing in. "No," I cry. "No more applause!" Imagine it. On stage every night and can't stand the applause. Like a pilot who doesn't like flying, a stockbroker who doesn't like buying, a politician who doesn't like lying. The pain!

The pain that drove me to rock. Thank Christ I'm in the Fauves. No one claps and we're all anonymous. I've found my sanctuary. —Andrew Cox

Andrew Cox is the lead singer of Melbourne band The Fauves whose recent nationwide success is threatening their position as self-appointed "Least Popular Band in Australia". This article first appeared in the third edition of "Shred" — the Fauves' own fanzine.



Black People
They are the same as us
they even take the same bus
their blood is red, and of the same hue
some of my best friends
are of that hue too
I would go out with one of them
if they asked me
our time together would be so happy.
Hate and war...what do we
need them for?
X-209... boy...
by AdAm
The one they call X-209
Wakes.
He gets out of what he calls
A bed.
He opens the door.
A new morning.
Or is it dusk?
Who can tell?
Since the Great Death.
He remembers
Laughter.
Song.
Tears.
A memory?
Or reality?
The one they call X-209
Is
a
boy
after
a
nuclear
war

Canberra University Residents
Clapton Road, Bumpkin Blocks
Bruce, A.C.T.

20 October 1996

Howdy Gran and Pop,

I've finished my first year at Canberra University, and compared to life on the farm it GOES OFF!!

The people on Ressies are sooo crazy. Last night I stayed up 'till 12.00 with the international students playing 'pin the tail on Mao Zedung' where the winner received a little red book, and the loser committed hari-kiri. The evening ended when I puked from sculling too many glasses of seaweed and coke. Nevertheless, I figure it was more fun than Roo shooting.

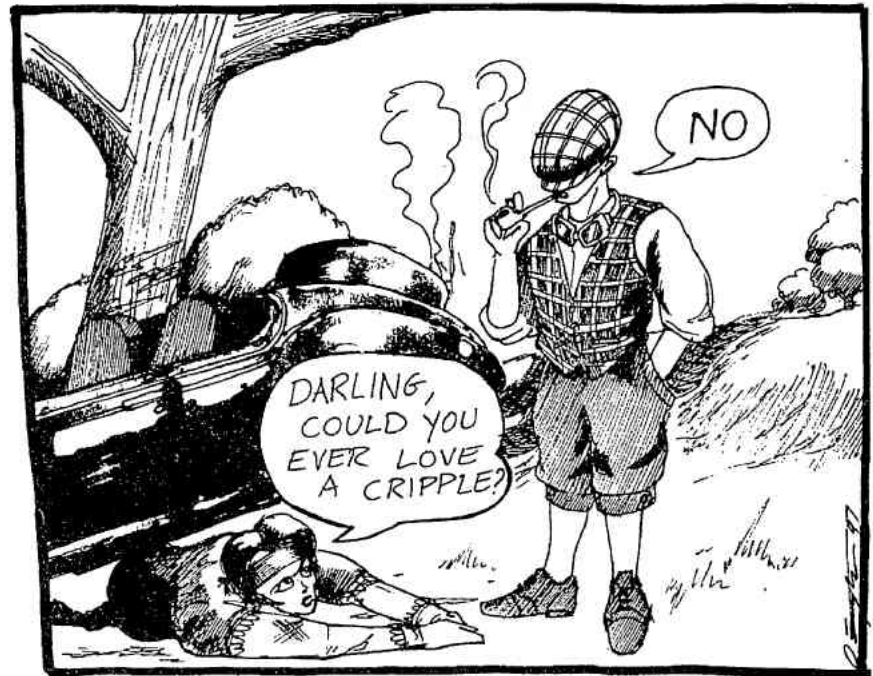
I hang out at the coolest place in Belconnen — almost as cool as AMF Bowling — it's called 'Sails'. Last month they held a fancy dress night, with the theme being Crappy Fraternity Movies — like *Revenge of the Nerds* and *Slaughter High*. There were prizes for the biggest nerd or Jock, and though no one dressed up, we all managed to win something. First prize was a cool Canberra University T-shirt printed in the style of those credible American University tops, second prize was a BA in Communications, and third prize was two BAs in Communications.

I have to go to my lecture in 'Professionalism at the Cost of Personality' soon, but thanks Gran for sending me those ug boots with the laces up-the front, they make me look like Conan the Barbarian and still fit into the trendy dress sense around Uni, but most importantly when I sleep in them they remind me of those quality moments with Lavish Lamb in the old shed. Next week we have 'Gender Bender night' held in tribute to the late Benny Hill and based on the tasteful and risque premise that everyone hang a hairy appendage between their legs, act like carefree youth breaking the shackles of sexual-repression, and jettison all dignity — it'll be GOIN' OFF!!

Yours sincerely,

Andy Yokel, BEd, BA, and Doctor of Animal Rectalcology

PS. Send Lavish Lamb my love.



AFTER ANOTHER DAY OF JOLLY JAPES, ERIC THE CAD DECIDES TO REST IN A GRASSY KNOLL.



This month from Metal Mick:

Those of you who have been living in Canberra for a while and possess an eye for detail may well remember the phenomenon of "BOONZ" graffiti. Being an advocate as I am of all things booner, BOONZ graffiti appealed well to my finely honed sensitivities for the black, the loud and the smelly. The recent dis-

appearance of the BOONZ tag has not only stumped but hurt. Who were the original BOONZ? Was BOONZ a co-operative or a singular effort? Or did it simply inspire a Moses-into-the-wilderness like following? If anyone can prove to me that they were the original BOONZ then there could be a handsome reward. Until such time however I propose a re-growth of old BOONZ. Here are a couple to get yooz cunts started:

BOONZ wear tight black jeans
BOONZ not glam
BOONZ shall inherit the earth
BOONZ SAYS: (insert name) could not get a root from a dead horse

FLiPSiDE

I'm gonna keep my b

profile

The struggle for peace

by Helen Drew and Leanne Smith

Since Indonesia invaded East Timor in 1975, East Timor has been oppressively administered by Indonesia and its people have been subjected to gross human rights abuses. Jose Ramos Horta and Bishop Carlos Bela jointly received the 1996 Nobel Peace Prize for their work in the struggle to free East Timor. Jose Ramos Horta was in Canberra recently to speak at a National Press Club luncheon. Helen Drew from *Woroni* and Leanne Smith from *Amida* had the opportunity to speak to him.

How did you become involved in the resistance movement in East Timor?

I began to be politically conscious when I was about 18. In a small developing country, people like me who had a bit of a privileged life, could not but be sensitive to the rest of the people who were much poorer. I began to be involved in the defence movement when I was about 19 years old, participating in discussion groups about obtaining independence from the Portuguese.

Were they student groups?

Yes, but I became more active following the Portuguese government revolution in 1974, when the quasi fascist dictatorship in Portugal was overthrown. A new government took over, and then opened up the possibility for mobilisation and democratisation, so I founded the Social Democratic Association which was inspired by the Swedish Social Democracy model. I never had any inclination towards Marxism.

Were you influenced by President Sukarno?

To some extent, but not in any philosophical or ideological aspect. I was fascinated by his courage, charisma and determination. Ideologically, philosophically, Sukarno was illiterate; mostly he was a demagogue.

What role do young people in East Timor undertake today?

The younger generation that were born after the invasion in '75 have been great heroes of the struggle. They have given away everything of their youth. They have deep scars because of their suffering and deprivation, but they are still full of determination and idealism. They are the guard dogs of East Timorese self determination: extraordinary, courageous and generous young people.

In an article recently you were quoted as saying that once Suharto goes you see a better future in terms of East Timor's relations with Indonesia. Do you believe that the army will have a lesser role once Suharto goes?

Well, Suharto is the impediment, the obstacle to democratisation of Indonesian society and the solution of the East Timor problem. He is a stubborn dictator, no different from Sadam Hussein or the Shah of Iran. He's a half illiterate gentleman, who, though he came up from a very humble peasant background, sees himself today as an emperor.

Are East Timorese people aware of a strong support base in Indonesia?

Yes, they are aware of the sympathy and support they have among the students and ordinary Indonesians.

In terms of providing information to East Timorese and Indonesian people, what do you see as the impact of funding cuts to ABC Radio Australia?

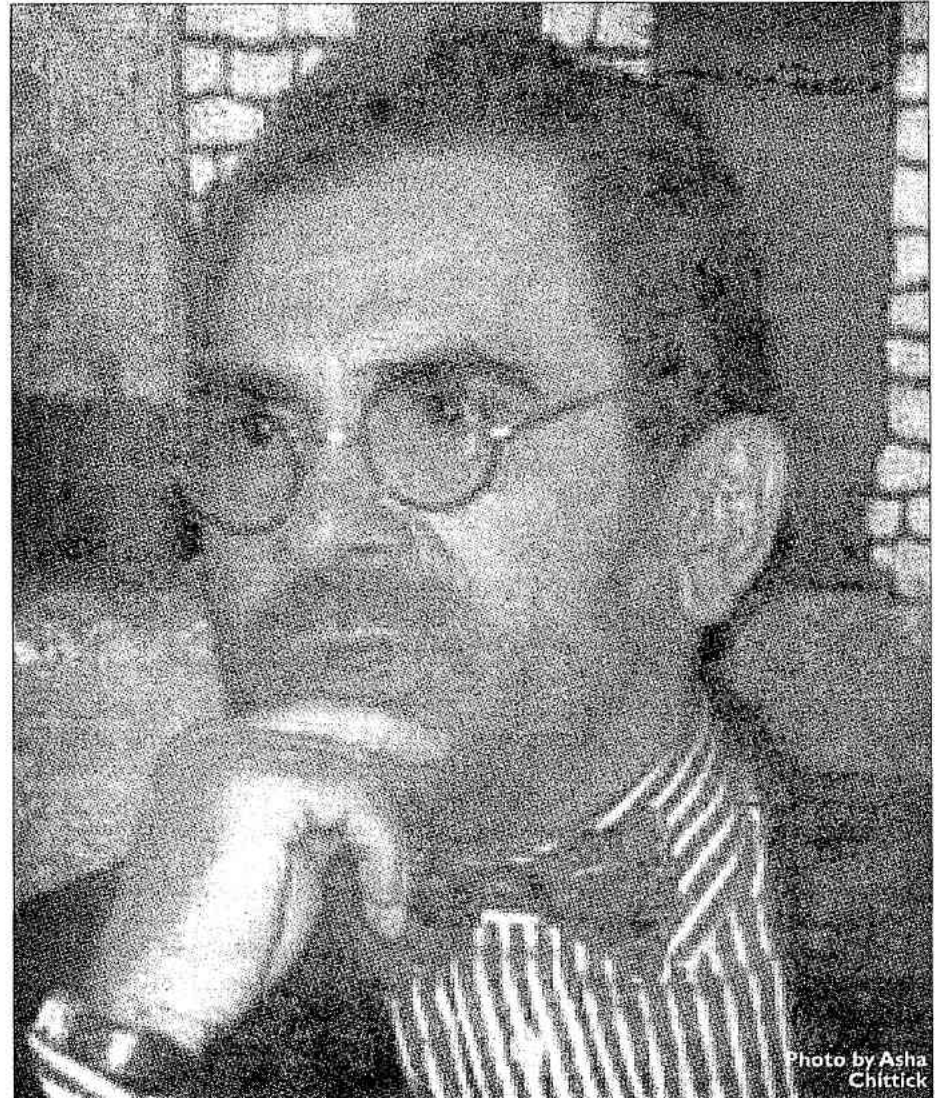
I think it is an outrage and politically unsound to terminate such a credible and prestigious Australian institution that has projected so much of Australia's name into the homes and villages of peoples in Asia. It is an institution that has been the

only link for millions of people in Asia with the outside world. It has provided objective, credible and up-to-date information on Indonesia or other Asian countries and the rest of the world. ABC Radio Australia has an equivalent credibility in the Asian region to the BBC world service, which is also under threat.

How do you see the role of your party, the CNRM, in an independent East Timor?

The CNRM is not a political party. It is an umbrella organisation comprising all East Timorese groups, all shades of opinion, including Fretilin, the Timorese Resistance and the student groups. [It is] an all encompassing mass movement created in 1987 by Xanana Gusmao and other Fretilin leaders as an effort to unite everyone. This has been very successful. We still have a lot of problems and divisions, but they are not detrimental to the struggle — it shows the vitality, the dynamism of the movement itself that there is constant discussion. In the fu-

"I'm beginning to lose faith in Australia"



(above) Jose Ramos Horta was "completely taken by surprise" when he won the Nobel Peace Prize

ture I don't think that the CNRM will continue because it will cease its mission.

What was it like receiving the Nobel Peace Prize?

I was completely taken by surprise. I knew that I had been nominated twice in the past, and I was touched, but I didn't think much of it. My concern was for several years to have Bishop Carlos Belo nominated and to promote his name, his role and the role of the church, because they are the ones, the church of East Timor, the priests, the nuns, the brothers, who are the real peacemakers.

Also in '96 I had Xanana nominated because he is the leader of resistance. Whatever I do, I do in his name, I do on his behalf. I did not think, realistically, that our candidates would be the winners in '96, because there were other higher profile candidates.

You can imagine my surprise when we won. I was overjoyed, not so much for myself, but for the people of East Timor. The money from the award has gone into a foundation, headquarters in Portugal, who aim to assist the East Timorese struggle in every way.

How do you think the United Nations sponsored talks between Indonesia and Portugal with reference to East Timor have been going?

They're fruitless. A waste of time. I urge the Portuguese side to refuse to continue, because if there is no progress, our side cannot continue to endorse these talks.

Are you hopeful that the new Australian government will place pressure on Indonesia to grant independence to East Timor?

Well, I'm beginning to lose faith in Australia. After 21 years, if there is no serious departure from previous policies, I don't think that I'll continue to waste my time and energy on Australia. After all, Australia is not the centre of the universe. As much as one wants to shift the map around, Australia will always be at the bottom.

So if Australia wants to join in with the rest of the world that has woken up to East Timor and are trying to do something — countries like the United States, like Brazil, like South Africa, like Portugal, Spain and Ireland — it will be welcome. I would wish health and prosperity to Australians, but I will not bother again.

What can Australian students do if they want to help out?

Well, you were the ones who put your government in power, so lobby the government in a very serious, sustained and aggressive manner. The few modest things that have been achieved in relation to the Aboriginal people, one of the most dispossessed and victimized peoples, are also being threatened.

Australia is not approaching the year 2000 Olympics in a spirit of reconciliation, but with a strategy designed to reverse the modest achievements that have been won between white Australia and Aboriginal people.

How long are you planning to stay in Australia?

Off the record, every time I come here, I try to leave as fast as I can.

j o s e r a m o s h o r t a

footnotes

It's a dirty job

As comfortable as the existence of student living on Austudy is, some of us get a little greedy, and decide we want **more!** Like food and electricity for example. Some students' shameful excesses spread to clothes, haircuts, and even the occasional trip to the cinema. To finance these habits we turn to the reliable standard, the McJob. I'm not only talking about the Mc-McJob, where you spend your days making and selling food starting with "Mc", but here the term is broadened to include any mundane, repetitive, irritating, soulless, basically crap job that usually has no relevance to the rest of your life and that makes your friends snigger whenever someone says, "Oh, where do you work?"

I must say that those of you who graduated from the McJob in college or high school and are now working in Your Field as Office Gopher or even General Dogsboddy (sigh): You my little friend can stop reading now. You disgust me.

The Classic McJobber was immortalised by goateed king Ethan Hawke in *Reality Bites*. There actually was a trend in Hollywood about two years ago where the most sought after, the most "groovy" young film makers were all former McJobbers who'd whinged their way to a Disney deal with movies about McJobs — figure that one out.

Nine times out of ten, the McWorker is involved in the preparation and selling of food.

A few lucky sods get to oversee the McJobbing of others as part of the middle management, but usually the McJob requires actual hands-on cooking and serving. The living hell that is customer service will be discussed shortly, but first to the grotty bit. The student who takes on the McJob must be prepared to lose that beautiful, clear, post-adolescent complexion under a layer of oily grease, and he or she can also wave goodbye to Pantene perfect hair, as it slowly suffers and dies under a dodgy hat.

The hat or cap is very important because, as the student will discover, customers do not take too kindly to finding long hairs in their lunch. Short hairs even less so, I might add. So even if fashion deems the hat to be worse

than just a faux pas, it will have to be worn. Store policy usually has so little regard for what is in and what is not that often a large, highly visible and highly plastic name badge must be attached to your person.

Physical toughness is also something that the McJobber must develop. The ability to appear outwardly calm whilst dipping the hand into boiling oil or being stabbed by someone's over-zealous tongs is hard won. Mental toughness is yet another sphere. The fluffy, friendly sheltering niceness of uni does not prepare the average student for the



dangers of customer service. So you think you're being paid to make fries and pour coffee. Noooo, that \$12 an hour is compensation. You are being paid so that hungry teenagers and harried mothers can be nasty to you, and you can smile back at them and say "Can I get anything else for you, ma'am?" When you've been shouted at by a snotty public servant because you failed to realise that a vague mumble and a hand signal meant that he wanted a cappuccino, you know why payday exists.

Those not blessed enough to have held a McJob probably don't realise what a sexy job really is. What is it

about a public servant (surely one or two are uni graduates, therefore former McJobbers themselves) that makes him interpret the words "Would you like anything else, sir?" as "Yes, I think you're hot please leer at me then wink and ask whether I'm on the menu"? You'd also think the name tag (see above) would signal to the customer that your name is not love, sweetie or darl but Roger.

The McJob has interesting effects on the student-as-customer. When you've finished your shift and are seeking to turn the tables on some other unfortunate soul, there are two ways you can go. Some are bent on revenge, pure and simple. At Hungry Jack's they whisper so that they can't be heard. At Pizza Hut they change their order six times and then leave. They give the waitress at Waffles filthy looks and then laugh about her with their mates.

Others manage to find serenity and peace with their situation, and will go out of their way to be pleasant and thankful. These people are kind, compassionate and, it must be said, pathological. Well aware of the plight of the boy behind the counter, they are determined to be the perfect customer, the one they themselves never had. One guy I knew was so scarred by years of placing tomato slices on a bun that the poor lamb used to embrace every pizza driver we had.

Even though I am one to give advice, I am not going to start to urge you to be a bit nicer to the kids at Acton supermarket, KFC or even Kingsley's. No, if you feel that giving shit to people with pathetic jobs is a pastime you don't want to give up, feel perfectly free. Come to think of it, being nice won't really help all that much, because every customer is a pain and it's best just to hate the lot on sight. After all, if they weren't there, we could all go home.

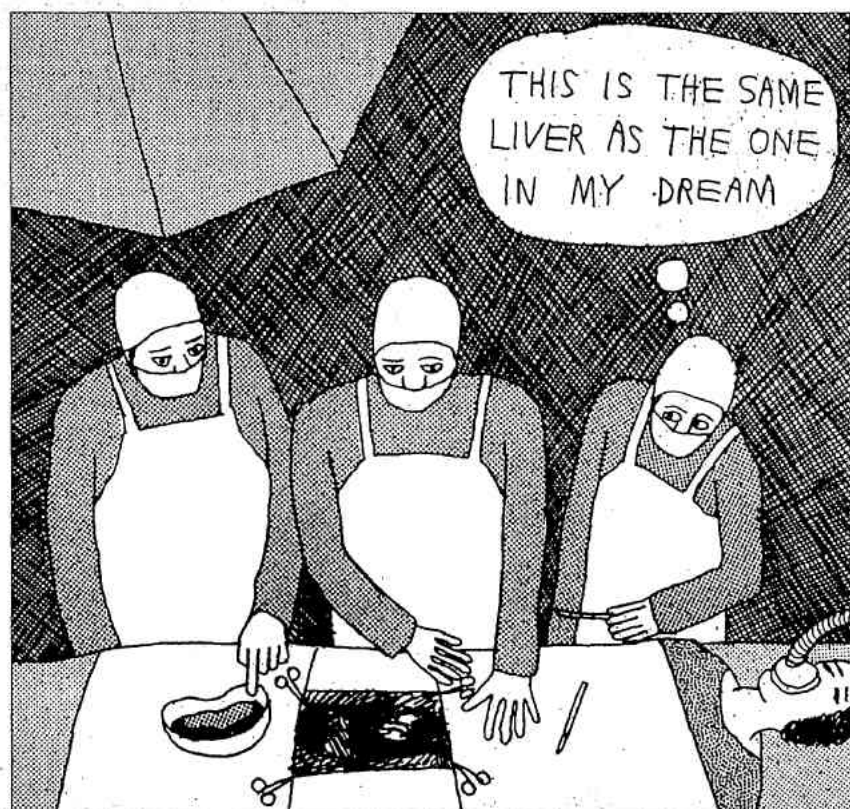
—VICTORIA LOY

Victoria is an ANU Arts student and hard-core McJobber who works in the heart of the McJob — the food court of the Canberra Centre.

Next issue:

Val Kilmer. Ice man. Next month, Kilmer speaks candidly to *Woroni* about life, love and the death of his career. He reveals to us the secrets of his animated acting technique, including the three faces which made him famous (from left to right): sultry, angry and a little bit cheeky.

Miss it and miss out.



classifieds

Attention New Students: Looking for a church to get involved in? All Nations Church is a charismatic multicultural house church for all nationalities. Sunday worship service is at 10.30am, 6 Wallen Place, McKellar. Transport provided on request. Phone Vicki/Ren on 257 3593 or Sergei on 249 5982.

For sale: Kingswood HQ sedan 1974 (manual) registered 5/97. Runs well. \$800 ono. Phone Luke or Kate on 257 8868.

Housesitter available mid-March. Will mind your house, pets, pool, garden. Excellent references, mature self-employed man. Call Richard 230 1391.

Housemate wanted for gorgeous, leafy house in Dickson. Close to shops, Civic, uni and buses. Share food/expenses. Prefer vegetarian/non-smoker. Phone 248 5923.

Room available in 3br house in Dickson. Close to shopping centre. Central heat-

ing. Phone Richard on 252 7013 (work) or 249 6003 (home).

Large room available in Narrabundah. Close to shops, markets and buses. 35 minutes bike ride to ANU. Share with woman (mature-age student) and one cat. Prefer non-smoker (or outside smoker) and vegetarian oriented food tastes. Phone Lisa on 239 7295.

Wanted: Old magazines (especially pre-1992). Don't throw them out, drop them into the *Woroni* office (in the Students' Association, above the Unibar).

Need a book, but don't have the cash? Check out the university's second hand bookshop. It boasts a wide variety of textbooks and novels at very reasonable prices. Located in the Students' Association, next to the Administration office.

If you would like to place a free classified in *Woroni*, call Matt on 248 7127, or drop your ad into the *Woroni* office (limit 30 words per ad).

IF IT'S NEW IT'S

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378: 947
WOR

... New Wave

Sparkling Seat

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4

Here's a slick little trick for shoulder length hair:

Wash and towel-dry hair, sleek back with NEW WAVE STYLING GLAZE.

Now add fun and sparkle with NEW WAVE PARTY TIME GLITTER GEL.

Bind hair tightly at nape of neck to form a ponytail, dry ponytail with hairdryer.

Separate ponytail into strands to form a fanshape. Spray fan with NEW WAVE HAIR LACQUER, bake hard with dryer. Quick, slick ... and sensational!



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New Wave